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THE EMPRESS CATHERINE (Miss Ellen Terry).

PETER THE GREAT (Sir Henry Irving).

"PETER THE GREAT," THE NEW PLAY AT THE LYCEUM.

PETER: "There's an Empress for you! Look at her!—isn't she splendid?"

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The dogs, through their "next friends," are petitioning to be placed under the County Council instead of the Government, having doubtless heard some scandal about the L.C.C. going to the dogs, and naturally wishing to meet them half way. It is singular, considering the indignation excited by the muzzling order, that no allusion has been made to what was written on the occasion of a hydrophobia panic in the first half of the century by one whose name should be known by his style, for there never was such another. "Excuse my anxiety," he says in a letter to a friend, "but how is Dash? (I should have asked after your wife, but Dash came uppermost, and the order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing. Goes he unmuzzled or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical remark he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers, though I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he does not lick it up it is a sign he does not like it. Does he wag his tail horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in this neighbourhood. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he's pleased, for otherwise there is no judging. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for a curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia." From this it may be gathered that the Prince of Humorists would not have been in favour of the muzzling order, though, indeed, scarcely because he makes fun of it, for what was not food for mirth to him?

Almost all good men love dogs (and, indeed, animals generally), though I have known exceptions. The canine race, though by no means so nearly allied to man in appearance as are the monkeys, much more nearly resemble him in their ways and mental attributes. If anything could ever induce me to stray by a hair's-breadth from the strict rules of orthodoxy, I should become a Pythagorean. Of all the faiths that flourished of old, that of Metempsychosis has always appeared to me the most reasonable and likely. What can be a more just punishment for those who have misused their gifts as men than that they should be condemned to a lower grade in the scale of life? A visit to the Zoological Gardens is painfully suggestive of this theory. That the elephant has been an editor (probably of one of the quarterlies), the gazelle a flirt, the beaver a jerry-builder, the hyæna a flatterer (laughing where there is no joke), the bear (of course on the Stock Exchange) a wealthy and insolent uncle, may not be the fact, but they look uncommonly like it. Yet, after all, there is nothing that resembles us like our dogs. It would be rude to particularise, but who of us does not recognise, in our visiting list, a bulldog or two, an Italian greyhound (of the female sex, of course), and perhaps a noble St. Bernard? Far be it from me to decry the spaniel; to his previous existence may be well applied the proverb "Let bygones be bygones"; yet why does he fawn, and always seem to expect the lash, and roll upon his back as if to protect the usual place of punishment from injury? One cannot avoid the impression that when a biped he was cruel to dogs. It is not to be denied that the best of these have some shocking habits, which does not, unfortunately, argue that they have not been human; but they have also some very pretty ones. There are few appeals to benevolence more touching than a dog's "begging," when he sits (not stands, for that is painful to him) on his hind legs, with his nose a-tilt and his bright eyes full of expectation. No agent of a mendicancy society (though adopting precisely the same attitude) ever moved us as he does; it is possible that in his former state he embezzled money from a charity, and that his best efforts are now concentrated on getting it back again. Some dogs recognise the seventh day, and never attempt, when their masters repair to their devotions, to follow them: this is attributed to instinct, but it may arise from a reprehensible habit of not going to church which belonged to them in their previous state of existence. In India there are some sects the members of which not only never take life, but do all they can to sustain it even in the lowest forms of the animal creation. It would, indeed, be to the credit of the Pythagorean creed if it taught its followers—even from no higher motive than because animals may once have been men—

Never to blend their pleasure or their pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

The above quotation refers to the direct commission of acts of cruelty, but its sentiment might well be extended to the indifference with which we regard them in other people. Above all is this to be regretted when little children, the very class whom the Founder of the religion of the present era especially consecrated, are the innocent victims. To read the long list of

subscriptions, doubtless to objects meritorious in themselves but certainly of no pressing necessity, and the purpose of which has in many cases no claim to be entitled charitable, is anything but a matter of congratulation when we find that in the income of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children there was a deficiency last year of more than £7000. To anyone acquainted with the nature of the work the Society has to perform, and the immense benefit it confers on the most blameless and least protected class of the community, this is sad news. While the season of festivity is still with us, one hesitates to shock the public mind with even one of the two hundred and forty-three sample cases, proved in court, during the last month. Let it suffice to say that they include almost every form of cruelty and selfish neglect. The only punishment which in my humble opinion is suitable to (male) offenders of this kind—that of the lash—cannot, unfortunately, be imposed, but one is glad to see that in no case has a fine been substituted for imprisonment with hard labour. These convictions have taken place either before judge and jury or a bench of magistrates, so no one can impugn their genuineness by dwelling on the cuckoo note, "Exaggeration."

There are, of course, many agreeable associations with what is termed, appropriately enough, "the festive season," but it is doubtful whether the *per contra* items do not outweigh them. In the first place there are, of course, the bills, which no human mind has yet succeeded in estimating beforehand; there is always some "little account" (as the creditor, with a very misplaced humour, is pleased to call it) which we have forgotten, and turns our poor surplus into a deficit. The greatest recorded disappointment in that way was that of the merchant who thought himself richer at the year's end by nearly two thousand pounds, till he found he had added the year of our Lord among the pounds. But bankers never make such mistakes in their clients' accounts: they often seem to us to have committed errors the other way—"we must surely have more than *that* in the bank"; but one is bound to say they are generally right. Many persons, not devoid of intelligence in other respects, never can make their bankers' accounts balance, which is why good people always pay their Christmas charities before their bills. Apart, however, from these inflections—which make us doubt (when we have had the things) whether the whole system of credit is not a mistake—there are many disagreeables in connection with Christmas-time. It always seems as though there were two Sundays in the week, and, indeed, on the last occasion, three—namely, Christmas Day, Sunday, and Boxing Day—with only two posts, arriving at weird hours, among them, and no evening papers. People are wont to abuse that class of journal as having "nothing in them," but when they don't come at all (as in the case of the unreturning dead) we feel their loss. There is no news for gossips to talk about, or for those who write "Note Books" to write about. The horrible unpunctuality of everything and everybody is enough to drive an order-loving individual to despair. A turkey from the country, with its liver outside it (like a decoration of merit) and a lovely chaplet of sausages, is always welcome, but least so when it comes at midnight by parcel delivery; while to be woke up by rabbits or small deer of that sort—the man, too, perhaps waiting to be paid for carriage—arouses indignation rather than gratitude. Upon the whole, I think paterfamilias and his contemporaries, at all events, are by no means sorry that Christmas comes but once a year.

"Among the Freaks" is a book that has been published, but the autobiography of a *lusus nature* (with a portrait of the author for a frontispiece) has yet to be written. There must be a great deal of "copy" in the Greatest Show on Earth, if one could only get at it. What do freaks do for exercise, one wonders, since to take a constitutional in public would be to exhibit themselves gratis and thereby diminish their value? I have heard that they take it by night, like elephants, which go on foot to save carriage. But how much more alarming it would be for a freak to take to "walking" than for a ghost! Think of suddenly coming face to face on the Dog-Faced Man in a fog! The question whether he would be allowed "one bite," like a real member of the canine race, would be a nice point in law.

Among the deplorable circumstances connected with the death of Mr. Terriss should be accounted the "thousand pounds" worth of flowers said to have been expended on his funeral. This is probably an exaggeration, but it is certain that a vast quantity of them, which might have gladdened eyes that seldom see them, was thus rendered useless. Flowers, whether gathered or growing, are not for the dead but for the living, and least of all are they intended to be thrown into the earth they adorn. It is strange that such beautiful things should minister to vulgarity and ostentation, but such is the case where, with whatever good intentions, they are wasted in this manner. How much better it would be if those who thus do honour, as they foolishly imagine, to the departed, would spend the sums thus wasted in some deed of charity in memory of them. It may be cynically said that in the case of

Dives this would hardly be an appropriate thing to do, but the same objection would apply to a floral tribute. One is glad to see that "No Flowers"—though no one would find fault with them in moderation, placed by really loving hands upon the last resting-place of loved ones—is becoming a more frequent intimation in the obituaries every day.

What is still more desirable is some such notice as, "Attendance at the funeral in severe weather is earnestly deprecated." In this dutiful but deplorable observance one death makes many. That of the late Mr. Harrison was certainly caused by a chill caught at Sir Frank Lockwood's funeral. In the case of aged and delicate persons, and in wet or wintry weather, this custom falls little short of that sacrifice of human life at the burial of the dead that obtains among savage tribes. No one doubts that the intention of these good people is pious and honourable, and that they are convinced that they are performing a reverent and religious rite in baring the grey head to the bitter wind while the last remains of him they have known in life are committed to the earth. But with all our talk of spiritual belief and aspiration, it is to be feared that at the root of the custom lies the idea that, although we call him the "departed," he has not really left us, nor, though lost to sight, will ever do so.

We have been so accustomed to meet with Mr. Tighe Hopkins in the realms of what novelists hate to hear called "light literature," that to find him discoursing upon "The Dungeons of Old Paris" is almost as surprising as to discover him in an oubliette. That he should have taken up such a subject, and treated it so satisfactorily, should not, however, be wondered at when one remembers that there is a reverse of the medal with most humorists, and that next to what is amusing they are attracted by that which appals. There were few subjects in conversation in which both Dickens and Thackeray were more interested than in dramatic—and, indeed, melodramatic—incidents. Mr. Hopkins' volume has, of course, plenty of them, but it is also full of historic and archaeological information. The Bastille was the most renowned of French prisons, "but at the time of its destruction was but the shadow of its former self," and at no period was it the worst. "Vincennes was quite as cruel; there were uglier dens in the Châtelet and in Bicêtre; and the torture-chamber of the Conciergerie had perhaps witnessed more inhuman spectacles than any prison in Paris." All of these, with their rulers and their inmates, are graphically described, and some of it is gruesome reading. The French are held to be a gallant nation, but in no other European country were women treated so pitilessly. In the rules for the application of "the Question" drawn up so late as Louis the Fourteenth's time, the costume is specified which women and girls are to wear when under the torturer's hands. Nothing among the Red Indians could rival the horrors inflicted on a Marquise de Brinvilliers, alike with a Ravallac and a Damiens. So shocking was "the Question" that in Louis the Eleventh's reign a brigand—lest, under its torments, he should betray his confederates—snatched a knife from a guard at the door of the torture-chamber, and cut his tongue out. The mediæval records, though more ghastly, do not exceed in dramatic interest the records of "the Terror." At the Luxembourg, when the lists of those who were to die on the morrow came in, one of the jailers used to read it—

with a terrible art, dallying with the syllables of a name, and pausing to watch the strained faces around him. Sometimes, instead of reading the list, he would pass it round, when the struggle to reach it prolonged the agony. . . . Happy were the friends and whole families who were despatched together. In one moving instance weeping was turned into joy. A family of father, mother, and two daughters were divided; the younger daughter was left behind, almost distracted; her name was not upon the list. Presently came another warder with another list. The girl started from the bed on which she had thrown herself, snatched the list from the jailer, and read her own name there. Carrying the sheet, and with a face beaming as if a free pardon had been handed to her, she ran down the corridor crying, "Mamma, I have found my name! See, it is here! Now we shall die together!"

It is necessary to read the accounts of the old tyranny to understand those of the new, and how the centuries of wrong inflicted by the great upon the small were repaid by the small upon the great. There are many interesting anecdotes in the volume which will be new to the reader, of which one connected with Marshal Ney is a good example—

A few days after he had "gathered into his bosom" the bullets of a file of soldiers in the Avenue de l'Observatoire, behind the Luxembourg, the public prosecutor, M. Bellart, was entertaining at dinner the great men of the bar, the army, and society. At midnight the door of the inner salon was suddenly thrown open, and a footman announced "Le Maréchal Ney!" M. Bellart and his guests, smitten to stone, looked dumbly towards the door. The talk stopped in every corner, the music stopped, the play at the card-tables stopped. In a moment the tension passed. It was not the great Marshal nor his astral. It was a blunder of the footman, who had confounded the name with that of a friend of the family, Le Maréchal Aîné.

There are several illustrations of the old prisons, the appearance of which, grim, gaunt, and of sombre immensity, is quite in keeping with what went on within them.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The Afridi tribes have not yet submitted to the British Indian Government. Only a small number of rifles have been surrendered, a tenth part of those demanded by the terms of peace, and but a twentieth part of the money fine has been paid. In the Khyber Pass, near Lundi Kot, military detachments have been fired upon so lately as Sunday last. Lieutenant Hamilton, R.A., was badly wounded. Lieutenant C. R. Tonge, R.E., has been killed at Chura. A special force, commanded by Sir Bindon Blood, is to be sent against the Bonerwals. Active operations in Tirah and the Kurram Pass westward cannot be resumed during the present severity of the winter; but the enemy feels this as well as the British and Indian troops, especially since many villages have been destroyed. General Sir William Lockhart is about to leave his army for three months, on a brief official visit to England, for consultation with the Home Government. The command of the army, until his return, devolves upon General Sir A. P. Palmer. It is the pertinacious worrying action of guerilla skirmishing parties of the enemy in the Khyber Pass which still gives much trouble. Even at Ali Musjid, since New Year's Day, pickets have been fired upon, and several officers have been wounded. There appears to be no large hostile force assembled in any quarter, and the main part of Sir W. Lockhart's army remains securely encamped in Bara. This is hardly yet a triumphant victory over the stubborn mountaineers.

THE LAGOS HINTERLAND QUESTION.

A good deal of movement is still going on in the Hinterland Territory of West Africa now under dispute between the British and French Governments, and troops of both nationalities have occupied various points; but full details of the situation are yet to come. The most recent news is to the effect that a force of Houssas, commanded by British officers, has occupied Bereh and Ilesha in the district of Bariba, where native troops under French command have lately caused a good deal of disturbance. The French are still in part of the territory of Nukke, which is claimed to be within the legitimately British sphere of influence.

"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH."

It must be cordially admitted that for sheer magnitude and variety Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's Show, which opened at Olympia on Boxing Day, fully deserves its high-sounding title. If there be a *greater* show on the earth—of the same character, be it understood—that show has yet to visit this country, and at present not even rumour speaketh of any such. The more interesting specimens of the show's zoological collection have already been depicted in these pages, but this week our Artist illustrates the humours of the display in its effect upon the gaping thousands who daily crowd Olympia in wide-eyed wonder. The three distinct circus-rings, with their varied performances, the mimic Soudan War, the vast spectacle entitled "The Mahdi," the great menagerie, the tragi-comic humanity represented by the "freaks"—all these and a hundred other features must be seen to be appreciated at their true attractiveness. Suffice it that together they form "the Greatest Show on Earth."

A COMMUNIST COLONY IN ENGLAND.

It will doubtless surprise many of our readers to learn that there is a Socialist colony in the North of England bent on proving that, to use the phrase of its promoters, "If the land could be cultivated as it should be, there would be no more any hungry inhabitant of the land." The colony in question was founded by a young Czech named Kapr, an Anarchist, who preaches not the doctrines of destruction but the saving grace of precept by example in the peaceful development of Socialistic principles. Banned in his native country as a dangerous revolutionary, Kapr became for a time a tailor in London, but having drifted thence to Newcastle in search of work, eventually enlisted the sympathy of Mr. William Key, the well-known co-operative enthusiast, whom he inspired with the desire to supply the land necessary for Kapr's experiment in Socialistic farming. In the summer of 1895 Mr. Key accordingly rented, on behalf of Kapr and his associates, the estate of Clousden Hill Farm, in the village of Forest Hall, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the property was colonised by Kapr and two other men, two women, and six children. The scheme drawn up by this handful of enthusiasts is too elaborate to be here set forth in detail, but its main objects may be briefly summarised as the acquisition of a common and indivisible capital for an agricultural colony which shall demonstrate the superiority of Free Communist Association to modern competitive production; the assistance of members in poverty, ill-health, or old age; the mental and moral improvement of its members; and the attainment for all

of a larger share of the comforts of life than is at present possessed by the working-class. These are high ideals—but the "Free Communist and Co-operative Colony" of Clousden Hill Farm is striving to realise them. Its ultimate measure of success will be fraught with far-reaching interest.

THE LATE SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN.

On Thursday last week, the last day but one of the Old Year, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan lost his life on the Indian Frontier, whither he had gone as an observer of our war on the Afridis, and with the secondary motive of writing some account of his experiences in a daily paper. Sir Henry, though over sixty-seven years of age, had extraordinary physical vigour; and his impetuosity, often displayed by him in other affairs of life, led him to leave his escort and to ride alone where the presence of the enemy was only too plainly made apparent. Sir Henry did not return, and a search-party was sent out. His dead body and that of his horse were soon found, and he received from our troops all the military honours that could be accorded to him as a distinguished officer—the bravest in the British Army, Lord Wolseley once called him—a Victoria Cross man, and his gallant father's gallant son. The eldest son of General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.—his mother being the daughter of a Baptist missionary—he was born at Chinsurah in 1830. Before



THE LATE SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN, V.C., M.P.

he was sixteen he entered as Ensign the 39th Regiment of Foot. After various and honourable experiences in India, including service through the Mutiny War as his father's aide-de-camp, and the winning of the Victoria Cross at Cawnpore, he was made a Brevet Major in 1858, and had conferred on him the baronetcy and an annuity of £1000 which would have been his father's had he lived. Further service in India followed, and then, in 1861, began a term of office as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General at Aldershot. In New Zealand and in Canada further service awaited him; and since his retirement from the Army, as a Lieutenant-General, he has contrived on more than one occasion to gratify his passion for seeing fighting—in the Franco-German and Russo-Servian wars, for instance, and again at Kassassin, where his coolness in presence of the enemy is said to have provoked a Life Assurance Society to revoke his policy. That the run of luck which had attended him hitherto failed him at last is not amazing, and the Indian field, if any, is the one on which it is befitting that a Havelock should die.

Sir Henry Havelock (who took the name of Allan in 1880 to comply with the, in this instance, rather hard condition of the will of his cousin, Mr. Allan, of Blackwell Hall, Darlington) married, in 1865, Lady Alice Moreton, daughter of the second Earl of Ducie, by whom he leaves two sons and one daughter. The political career of Sir Henry was very secondary to his military one in his own interest and ambition; but he was a good fighter, even in the House of Commons, which he first entered in 1874 as member for Sunderland. He was then a Radical, but as a Unionist he was returned for South-East Durham in 1886 and again in 1895. His eldest son, the new Baronet, Henry Spencer Moreton Havelock-Allan, was born in Dublin in 1872.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PETER THE GREAT," AT THE LYCEUM.

The new historical drama at the Lyceum is, in more ways than one, a revelation to the public. Mr. Laurence Irving has handled with no little daring a theme which is unfamiliar to most playgoers. Peter the Great has never been regarded as one of the romantic figures of history. Poet and playwright have alike neglected him. A certain tradition clings to his name in this country because he spent some time at Deptford working as a ship's carpenter. Apart from that, he is vaguely remembered as a barbarian who defeated Charles XII., and founded the modern Russian Empire. Mr. Laurence Irving, softening nothing of the savagery which makes Peter the monster of only too many authentic stories, has sought to make him a great tragic figure by showing us the father who sacrifices the life of his only son to the supreme interest of Russia. Peter cherishes the idea that Alexis will carry on his national work. Alexis hates the barbarity of his father's rule, and shrinks with horror from the task which is proposed to him. His nature is weak and mystical, and he indulges a foolish passion for a worthless woman. It is historical that Peter puts Alexis to death, not because he was a rebel in act, but because his attitude of moral revolt against his father's wishes made him, in the Czar's judgment, a danger to the State. In the play the characters of father and son are contrasted with considerable skill. We see Peter, a strange mixture of brutality, grim humour, and lofty purpose, applying himself to the education of Alexis, only to discover with wrath and contempt that the chosen instrument is utterly worthless. Threatened with confinement in a monastery, Alexis escapes to Naples, but is brought back to Russia and tried for his life. The trial is one of the most original scenes upon the modern stage. Alexis is convicted of treason by the perjured evidence of his faithless mistress, and Peter, in a soliloquy of real power, persuades himself that the execution of his son, though a crime in the eyes of many, will be justified by history. How far history sustains Mr. Laurence Irving in the last scene, where Alexis confesses the justice of his fate, it is difficult to say; but this strange reconciliation of father and son is extremely impressive. The play is unequal, and is written in a style which, with a laudable desire to avoid mere rhetoric, the author has made too colloquially simple; but "Peter the Great" is the work of a genuine dramatist with a fine sense of character and tragic effect. Sir Henry Irving's impersonation of Peter is very powerful. Rarely has the actor conveyed so successfully the idea of physical and mental vigour. Miss Terry is delightful as the Empress Catherine, a sort of imperial *soubrette*; and Mr. Robert Taber, an American actor new to London, plays Alexis with great skill.

HANS ANDERSEN AT TERRY'S.

A genuine theatrical entertainment for children, not a witless *réchauffé* of music-hallism: that is what the manager of Terry's Theatre provides in the afternoons of this children's season. He has selected four stories from Hans Andersen, and Mr. Basil Hood has retold them, in three parts, to fit stage conditions, while Mr. Walter Slaughter has set them to pretty music, the whole forming probably the first triple bill ever offered to little people. The performance opens weakly with "Big Claus and Little Claus," but the second item, "The Princess and the Swineherd and the Emperor's New Clothes," is excellent, while the third and last, "The Soldier and the Tinder-Box," is the best of all. In the second item Miss Kitty Loftus is delightfully real as the pouting Princess; Miss Louie Pounds makes the nicest Prince, a figure touched with fancy and imagination; Mr. H. O. Clarey is very funny as the Emperor who beguiled himself into the belief that he was wearing a new coat when he had really nothing on. "The Soldier and the Tinder-Box" makes a real fantastic illusion. Nothing could be better than the mechanical soldiers—

Whose figures are good
But are made of wood,
And their hair stuck on with gum is;
And their legs will work,
But it's done with a jerk
By the clockwork in their tummies.

The real soldier is vividly represented by Mr. Joseph Wilson (who is so funny as the sailor in the evening bill, "The French Maid"); Miss Louie Pounds makes as pretty a Princess as she makes a Prince; and Mr. Eric Lewis is very stately as the King. The dogs with the big eyes are very amusing, and Mr. Murray King looks as real a witch as you can imagine. Terry's, in fact, has got hold of a genuine children's treat.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.



"GRACIOUS! ALAS
I'M CERTAIN SOMEONE IS
TRYING TO PICK MY POCKET."



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE
NEW WOMAN
CLIMAX. A CLOWN!



THE LATE
GENERAL
GORDON'S
MESSENGER



THE WHIRLING
DERVISHES

"YER KNOW IF I KEP
THAT UP FER LONG, 'ARRY,
I SHUD GIT GIDDY!"



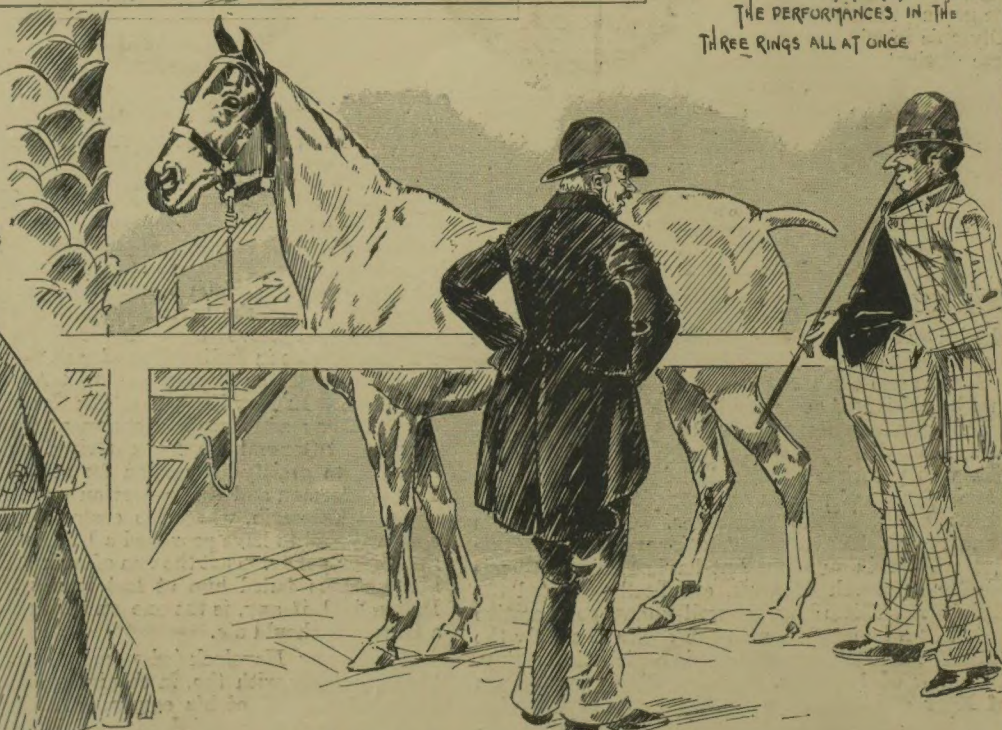
DULEFUL EFFECT
OF TRYING TO WATCH
THE PERFORMANCES IN THE
THREE RINGS ALL AT ONCE



THE
THREE HORNED
COW

"IS THAT THE
COW WITH THE CRUMPLED
HORN YOU WEADED TO ME
ABOUT, MUMMY?"

RALPH LEAVER 78



"WOT PRICE THE 'AIRLESS' ORSE - BILLIAM?
- ABART TWO TO ONE, BARNUM - I SHUD SAY

C. HENTSCHEL 55

NEW YEAR'S HONOURS.



Photo J. Edwards.

SIR W. WALLACE HOZIER (PEER).

Son of Mr. J. Hozier, of Mauldslee Castle, Lanarkshire; born 1825; formerly Lieutenant in Royal Scots Greys; married, 1849, Fanny (who died 1891), daughter of Mr. John O'Hara; Baronet 1890.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR HORACE FARQUHAR (PEER).

Son of late Sir Minto Farquhar, Bart., M.P.; born 1844; married, 1895, Emilie, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Parke; director of Parr's Banking Company and of British South Africa Company; M.P. 1895.

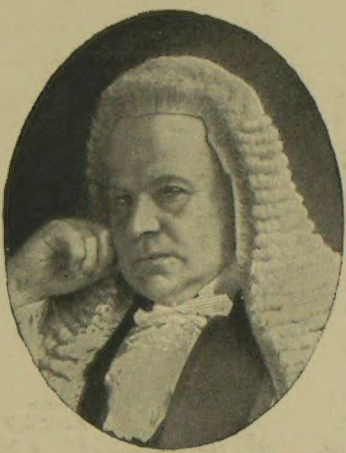


Photo Russell and Sons.

LORD HALSBURY (EARL).

Born in 1825; called to Bar 1850; Q.C. 1865; Solicitor-General, 1875-80; appointed Lord Chancellor, taking title of Lord Halsbury, 1885, and reappointed in successive Salisbury Administrations.



Photo Mayall and Co.

SIR SAUL SAMUEL, BART.

Son of late Mr. Sampson Samuel, of London; born 1820; member of Legislative Council, New South Wales, 1854; Agent-General for that colony 1880-97; twice married, secondly to Sara, daughter of Mr. E. Isaac.



Photo Walery.

SIR THOMAS HUGHES, KT.

Lord Mayor of Liverpool 1896-97. Well known as timber-merchant, J.P., and public-spirited citizen, but especially as the creator of "Greater Liverpool" by the extension of the city's boundaries.

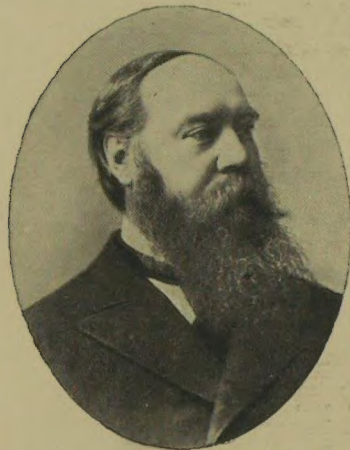


Photo Mayall and Co.

SIR EDWIN LAWRENCE, BART.

Born in London 1837; son of late Alderman William Lawrence, and brother of two Lord Mayors, Sir William and Sir James Lawrence. Called to Bar; Liberal-Unionist M.P. for Truro Division of Cornwall.

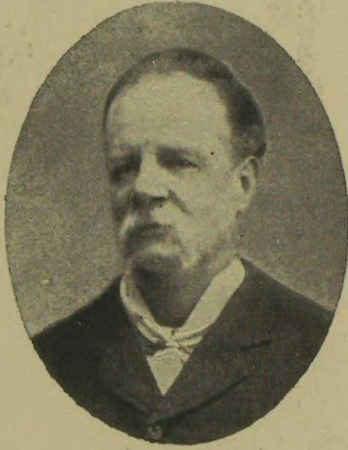


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR JOHN BATTY TUKE, KT.

Formerly medical superintendent of the Fife and Kinross District Asylum for the Insane, and assistant physician to Royal Edinburgh Asylum; now President of Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

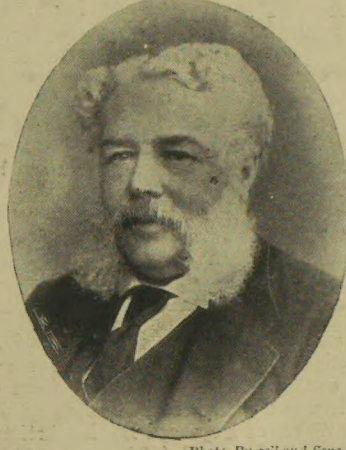


Photo Russell and Sons.

SIR JOHN WILLIAM MACLURE, BART.

Born 1835, in Manchester, son of Mr. J. MacLure, merchant there; Conservative M.P. for Stretford Division of Lancashire since 1886; director of many companies; married daughter of Mr. T. Nettleship.

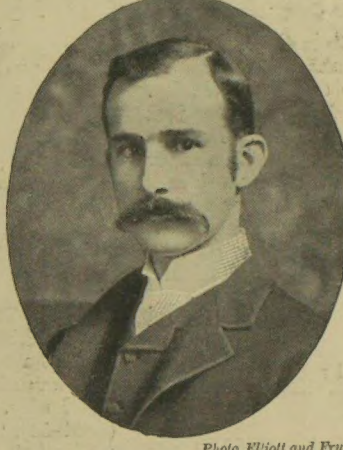


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR W. BRANDFORD GRIFFITH, KT.

Chief Justice of the Gold Coast Colony, where his father before him, Sir William Brandford Griffith, K.C.M.G., was Governor and Commander-in-Chief; grandson of William Griffith, of Windsor, Barbadoes.



Photo Walery.

SIR ROBERT HENRY SYMES, KT.

Born 1837, in Bristol, of which city he is now, for third time, Mayor; educated Independent College, Taunton; head of firm of Symes and Co., Bristol provision merchants; High Sheriff of Bristol, 1887.

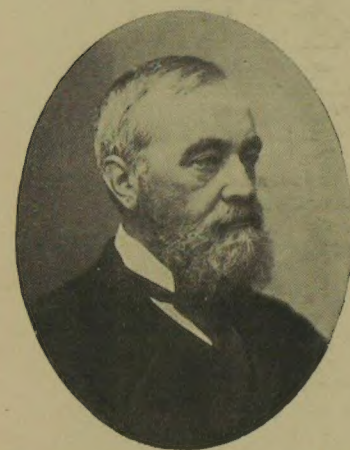


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR SPENCER WALPOLE, K.C.B.

Eldest son of Right Hon. S. H. Walpole; secretary to the Post Office since 1893; formerly Governor of Isle of Man; author of "History of England from Conclusion of the Great War in 1815," and other works.

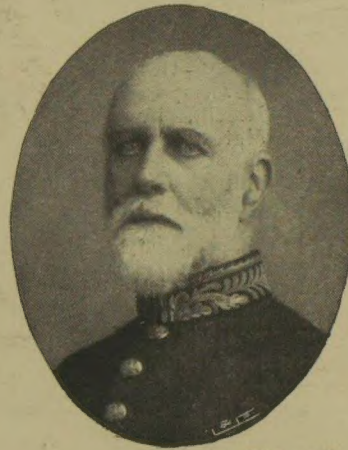


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR HERBERT BARNARD, KT.

Chairman of the Public Works Loan Commission, whose interests extend to a variety of public improvements, especially in regard to buildings, through the agency of the Local Government Board.

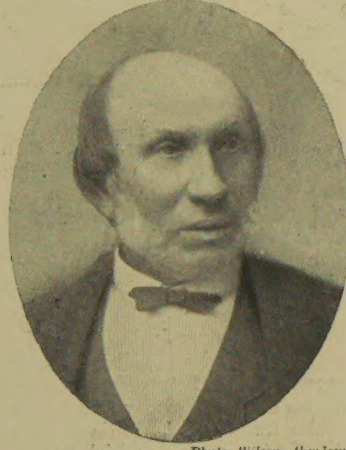


Photo Wilson, Aberdeen.

SIR JOHN STRUTHERS, KT.

Born 1823; educated Edinburgh University; Professor of Anatomy, Aberdeen University, 1863-89; President of Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; author of works on human and comparative anatomy.



Photo Walery.

SIR THOMAS JOHNSTONE LIPTON, KT.

Descended from family in County Monaghan; educated in Glasgow; there began the business of tea and provision merchant, now spread over the Kingdom; tea-gardens in Ceylon.



Photo Whitlock, Birmingham.

SIR JOHN CHARLES HOLDER, BART.

Proprietor of the Midland Brewery. A good Churchman, a Conservative, and a county magistrate, he has been a great benefactor to the public charities of Birmingham. Married daughter of Mr. J. W. Knipe.

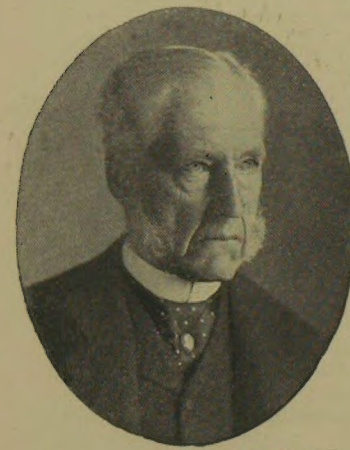


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR FREDERICK WIGAN, BART.

Son of Mr. J. A. Wigan, of East Malling, Maidstone; born 1827; formerly solicitor, but now hop-merchant; High Sheriff of Surrey, and knighted 1894; helped to restore St. Saviour's, Southwark; D.L. and J.P.

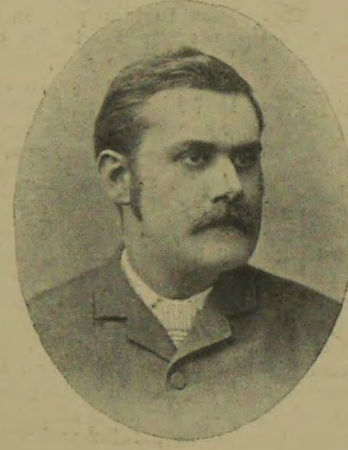


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR ERNEST CLARKE, KT.

Born at Bury St. Edmunds, 1856; Civil Service and other clerkships, 1872-87; since then Secretary Royal Agricultural Society; Honorary M.A. (Camb.) 1894; member of various agricultural societies abroad.

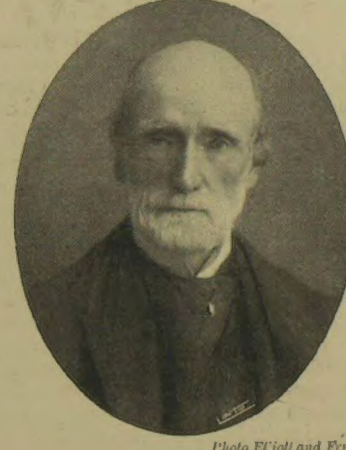


Photo Elliott and Fry.

LATE SIR EDWARD A. BOND, K.C.B.

Son of Rev. J. Bond, of Hanwell; born 1815; Principal Librarian, British Museum, 1878-1888; married, 1847, daughter of author of "Ingoldsby Legends"; died the day after his promotion.

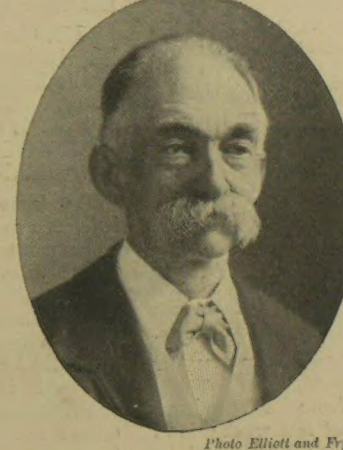


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR GEORGE THOMAS BROWN, KT.

Consulting Veterinary Adviser of the Board of Agriculture, whose services to agriculture, already rewarded with a C.B., include the checking of the rinderpest plague.



Photo Maull and Fox.

SIR W. TENNANT GAIRDNER, K.C.B.

Formerly physician to Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, and now to Western Infirmary, Glasgow; Physician-in-Ordinary to Queen in Scotland, and Dean of Faculty of Medicine in Glasgow University.

PERSONAL.

The Lord Chancellor's elevation to an earldom has recalled the fact that he is one of the not very large number of conspicuous men who have never yielded to the seduction of "My Lady Nicotine." Mr. Montagu Williams, who once shared his rooms when they were on circuit together, had to go out in the evening to smoke his after-dinner cigar in the open air. Next morning he had his revenge; for his comrade waited breakfast for him, and he did not appear until it was nearly time for the court to sit. The future Lord Chancellor's reproaches were met by Mr. Williams's statement: "I never eat breakfast: I don't care for it. So why should you? You don't smoke, you know." That evening Mr. Williams sat at the hearth and smoked the pipe of peace.

Prince Alexander of Teck has just left for South Africa, to rejoin his regiment, the 7th Hussars. His brother, Prince Francis, who is a Captain in the Royal Dragoons, has applied for permission to join the Egyptian army.

Sir Algernon West finds a sermon in the stones which make the refuge at the top of St. James's Street, opposite the famous bay window of White's Club. It is a monument of the vanity of the human wishes of Mr. Pierpont, a member of White's, who felt, as his years increased, the danger of that crossing. He asked the Vestry to erect a refuge. The Vestry was ready to comply with his request if he would bear the expense. This he agreed to do; the refuge was built, and his name embossed on one side of it. One day, however, as he was proudly showing it off to a friend, a passing coach knocked him down, and killed him—to him the refuge became a monument.

Four peers, who are now minors, attain their majority in the present year. These are the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Wicklow, the Earl of Rothes, and Lord Hindlip. The mortality among members of Parliament has just been commented on as unusually large of late. But the Upper House does not share this disability; and the number of peers' eldest sons who become of age this year is larger than that of peers. That important date will be reached in 1898 by the heirs to the earldoms of Clarendon, Carnwath, Gosford, Morley, and Suffolk, and to the baronies of Dunally, Coleridge, Cromer, and Montague of Brandon.

Sir Benjamin Stone, one of the members for Birmingham, has formed a remarkable collection of Parliamentary photographs. He always has a camera handy when Parliament is sitting, and has persuaded many of his most distinguished fellow-members to pose on the spur of the moment. It is a new and welcome distraction from the weight of public affairs. Tea on the Terrace in the summer enables the bored legislator to kill a good deal of unnecessary time, but he can be photographed by Sir Benjamin Stone any afternoon before the House is up. Perhaps some daring spirit will try fortune-telling as another Parliamentary entertainment. An ingenious Sibyl might mitigate the ennui of long debates by unfolding the book of destiny to rising young politicians.

General Edward Mourrier Boxer, F.R.S., late of the Royal Artillery, who died on Sunday at Upton, near Ryde,



Photo Debenham, Ryde.
THE LATE GENERAL E. M. BOXER.

was an inventor of some note; indeed, the Boxer fuse cartridge gained him the special recognition of a grant from Parliament. He entered the Army in 1839, and in 1869 was a Major-General, retiring from the Army in that year on the full pay of a Colonel. As Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory of Woolwich Arsenal he did good service for many years. He married in 1843 Eleanor, daughter of Colonel Payne, R.A., but at the

time of his death had been a widower for thirteen years.

The revival of fancy-dress balls and of private theatricals still goes on apace in the great houses. Many of the costumes used at Devonshire House a few months ago did duty again at the Christmas theatricals at Blenheim Palace, in which the hostess and Lady Randolph Churchill took parts. Lady Londonderry's, at Wynyard, and Lady Jeune's, at Arlington, were particularly successful; and at Chatsworth all the best available dramatic talent has been pressed into the service of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire for the amusement of their guests, the Prince and Princess of Wales.

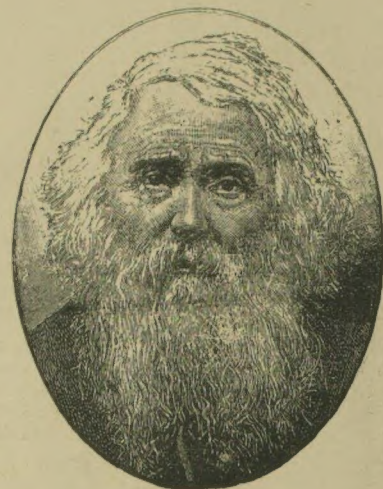
Sir Edward Bond, Principal Librarian of the British Museum, who died the day after he had received the dignity of K.C.B. among the New Year's Honours, leaves five daughters, who are also granddaughters of Mr. Barham—better known as a witty poet than as a London rector—and are all married.

Sir Squire Bancroft, whose readings from Dickens have enriched so many charities during the last few weeks, is to have Princess Louise as one of his audience. This will be at St. James's Theatre on the last day of this month, and the entrance-money will go to swell the funds of the East London District Soldiers' and Sailors' Family Association. The title, a long one enough, will explain the interest taken in the success of the entertainment by the Hon. Frances Wolseley, who has been industriously selling tickets to her friends.

At Kanturk, County Cork, John Lineham has just died at the age of one hundred and twelve years. His eldest son is eighty-five years old, and his great-grandchildren number sixty.

The Duke of Bedford has given to the Zoological Society's Gardens a fine male specimen of the Persian deer. It has come from the Caucasus to Regent's Park, where it is at any rate unique. In 1865 a pair of these animals was presented by the Earl of Ducie, and from them eight young ones were bred. But they were all dead, parents and children, within ten years.

Mr. William James Linton, whose death occurred on the last day of the old year at New Haven, Connecticut, deserves



THE LATE MR. W. J. LINTON.

special notice in these columns, where much of his early work as a wood-engraver appeared. He was born in London in 1812, and after serving his apprenticeship with Mr. E. W. Bonner, speedily gave signs of his talents. He promptly took his place among the most skilful engravers on wood, and in *The Illustrated London News* on its establishment found a congenial outlet for his talents; and to his admirable work it owed much of its success in its earlier years. In politics Mr. Linton was an enthusiastic Chartist, and was the intimate friend of Mazzini, the privacy of whose letters had been violated by the British Post Office. In 1851 he founded the *Leader*, a paper which might be said to have been born out of due time, of which the late Mr. E. F. S. Pigott was the editor, and in which Mr. G. H. Lewes, under the pseudonym of "Slingsby Lawrence," wrote the dramatic criticisms. It was the organ of the advanced and philosophical Radicals of the time, but although supported by many clever writers, never attained a large circulation.

Mr. Linton subsequently founded *Pen and Pencil*, of which he was both the editor and manager for some time, and was also a contributor to the *Nation*, then edited by Mr. Duffy. He had also published "The English Republic" (1851-55), "The Works of Deceased British Artists" (1860), "Claribel and Other Poems" (1865). In 1866 he left England for the United States, and lived for some time at New York, but subsequently settled at New Haven, where he established a large engraving house of business, and carried the art to a high degree of perfection. He was, at the same time, enthusiastically devoted to schemes for the social improvement of his fellow-men, on which he spent large sums of money, but with little visible result. He continued to write in prose and verse up to the close of his laborious life, and amongst his most important works were "A History of Wood Engraving in America" (1882), "A Manual of Wood Engraving" (1884), and a magnificent volume, "The Masters of Wood Engraving" (1889). He also wrote a Life of Whittier, the American poet, and published a volume of Reminiscences two years ago. In 1858 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite, Cumberland, better known as Mrs. Lynn-Linton, the accomplished novelist and essayist. Mr. Linton was also a painter in water colours, but his work as such is better known in the United States, where he was a member of the Water Colour Society and of the National School of Design.

Sir John Batty Tuke, the newly knighted President of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, has won his chief fame in a service which has enlisted many bearers of his name—the service of the mentally afflicted. It was a member of the Tuke family, Mr. William Tuke, of York, who established the first asylum in which was inaugurated a more humane treatment of lunatics, till then treated with much mistaken barbarity, incarcerated, chained, and often beaten. Other bearers of the name who have pursued the science of mental maladies include the late Dr. D. H. Tuke, author of "The Influence of the Mind on the Body," who, by the way, we see wrongly described in Chambers's "Biographical Dictionary" as the grandson, instead of the great-grandson of Mr. William Tuke, the pioneer Asylum Reformer already named.

Mr. George Dixon, whose name has been familiar to Birmingham for at least thirty years, is to receive the gift of the freedom of that city. Mr. Dixon made Birmingham a passport among friends of undenominational education; and he is almost as much a part of the city's history as John Bright and Cardinal Newman were, or as Mr. Chamberlain is to-day.

Madame Novikoff has been lecturing us again on the inferiority of our institutions to those of Russia. There is Parliament, for instance. How poor a thing compared with the Russian autocracy! What we need is "an enlightened Autocrat," and Madame Novikoff thinks the Jubilee showed that Britons are yearning for an absolute monarch. This is an original and humorous view of our public opinion. It would be instructive to know how far Madame Novikoff thinks it is the business of "enlightened" autocracy to countenance religious intolerance. Probably that is also one of the Russian institutions which put Western Europe to shame.

Lord Charles Beresford is carrying on a vigorous campaign at York, where he is the Unionist candidate. Lord Charles says he does not want to hear anything more about the *Condor*. His handling of that gun-boat during the bombardment of Alexandria is naturally utilised by his supporters at York, but he says it has nothing to do with the election. What would become of elections if every irrelevant personal element were eliminated? If Lord Charles Beresford should win the seat at York it is his quality of gallant sailor which will put him at the head of the poll.

Mr. Ivor Guest, the Unionist candidate for Plymouth, is only twenty-four years of age. But he has the local advantage of being Lord Wimborne's son, and of having a sort of political godfather in Sir Edward Clarke. At Plymouth, as elsewhere, when a particularly youthful candidate addresses a meeting, an interrupter shouts, "Does your mother know you're out?" And the correct reply, which brings down the gallery, is, "Yes; and she will know that I am in."

The thirty years' ministry of the Rev. R. H. Haweis at St. James's, Marylebone, is to be commemorated by a fancy dress ball and skating carnival, the proceeds of which will be applied to the annual deficits in the social work which Mr. Haweis has carried on with so much spirit. Skating in fancy dress may seem a paradoxical method of celebrating a ministry, but Mr. Haweis has always taken a liberal view of amusements, and we hope the figures cut on the "real ice" at the carnival will be helpful to his "evenings for the people."

The Esterhazy mystery still lingers. After an inquiry it has been decided that Major Esterhazy shall be tried by court-martial. The nature of the charge is not yet clear, but it probably concerns the letters in which Major Esterhazy expressed the wish that he were a Prussian Uhlan sabreing French soldiers. Whether the resemblance of his handwriting to that upon which Captain Dreyfus was convicted of treason will come before the court-martial nobody knows; but it is curious that some of his friends are now asserting that he was used in the Dreyfus case as an instrument of the War Office.

General Weyler's performances since his return from Cuba are to be the subject of an inquiry by court-martial. The Sagasta Cabinet is naturally uneasy when this officer takes it upon himself to denounce America on the part of the Spanish army and to demand satisfaction for the military honour of Spain. General Weyler must either hazard a *pronunciamiento* or allow himself to be snuffed out. He should remember the fate of Boulanger.

Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers, who has entered upon his ninety-seventh year, is as active as Mr. Gladstone, who is about ten years younger. Mr. Villiers was called to the English Bar seventy years ago, and is the oldest member of the House of Commons, which, in its modern aspect, may be called his contemporary. It is probable that Mr. Villiers's life will embrace the entire nineteenth century.

The statement which has been made in several quarters that a Liverpool clerk is to raise a claim to the Winton Peerage (now held by Lord Eglinton) is denied. The Wintons, it may be noted, come from the same stock—the Setons—as the ducal Gordons, for late in the fifteenth century Elizabeth Gordon, the heiress of her house, married Sir Alexander Seton, who was raised to the "peerage" of the day as Lord Gordon, and became the ancestor of Byron.

The death of General Sir James Talbot Airey, K.C.B., took place last Saturday morning at his residence in Victoria Street, Westminster, after an illness of only a few hours. The son of Lieutenant-General Sir George Airey, K.C.B., by the sister of the second Lord Talbot de Malahide, he entered the Army in 1830, served as aide-de-camp to Elphinstone in Afghanistan in 1841-42, had his horse shot under him at the storming of the Khoord Kabul Pass in 1841, and passed Christmas Day as a hostage to the Afghans. After a great deal of Indian service, he was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, and went through the Crimean War as Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Right Division. At Alma, again, his horse was shot through the neck. In 1855 he commanded the Kerch Expedition, returning to Sebastopol in time to take part in the attack on the Redan. From these engagements he came with medals and clasps, and was made a Colonel, a C.B., and a Knight of the Legion of Honour. In 1868 he was made Major-General, in 1877 Lieutenant-General, and General in 1881, in which year he was placed on the retired list. Since 1886 he has been Colonel of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



Photo Moull and Fox.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR J. TALBOT AIREY.

Arctic exploration promises soon to be as simple as a picnic—as far as its culinary arrangements are concerned. An ingenious lady, Miss H. Stormont Murphy, is bringing out a patent "Arctic Cooker," from suggestions made by Mr. Jackson, the Arctic explorer. One of Miss Murphy's Arctic Cookers is on view in the Map Room of the Royal Geographical Society, but the present one is an improvement on that, and only weighs a few pounds. It is circular, and contains frying-pan, saucepan, kettle, condiment-box, lamp, knives and forks, plates, snow-melter; the lower part is a drawer for three slow-combustion bricks, which, if dipped in paraffin and wrapped in canvas, can be used two or three months after soaking, if kept in air-tight box; they will blaze for half-an-hour. The Princess of Wales has recently paid Miss Stormont Murphy the compliment of purchasing her newly patented Afternoon Tea-Fire Tray, which is intended to keep tea and coffee hot, whilst cakes can be heated in the oven drawer under the tray.

Dr. Bruce, of Dingwall, who is to go to Egypt with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg as his medical attendant, is a member of a remarkably clever family. One of his brothers is the well-known physician, Dr. Mitchell Bruce, and several others are among the greatest cattle-breeders of the North. Dr. Bruce's eldest son is in the Indian Civil Service.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen passed the last days of the Old Year, and the first days of the New Year, quietly at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her children, and the Duchess of Albany. Lord Rowton has been a visitor at Osborne for some days.

The election contest for the City of York began this week, Lord Charles Beresford, the Conservative and Unionist candidate, being opposed by Sir Christopher Furness, Liberal. At Plymouth, the Hon. Ivor Churchill Guest, a son of Lord Wimborne, a nephew of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and assistant private secretary at the Home Office, is the Conservative candidate. Sir Samuel Scott is proposed for West Marylebone by the Conservative party.

At present there are eight bye-elections pending, including South-East Durham, where the vacancy has been created by the lamentable death of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, and Pembrokeshire, where the sitting

electing Rural or Urban District Councillors and Guardians of the Poor, April 4, or between April 2 and April 6.

Early on Monday morning, on the North British Railway line at Dunbar, the express train of the Great Northern Railway Company to Scotland, which left London on Sunday night, came into collision with a goods train, was thrown off the rails, and several carriages were smashed; a lady passenger, Miss Isabella M'Alpine, on her way to attend her father's funeral at Stirling, was killed, and other passengers were severely injured. The accident occurred on the curve which leads from the coast-line into Dunbar. Some coal-trucks were being shunted to make way for the approaching express, and the concluding wagons did not clear the points as they were taken across the line by which the express was travelling in time to avoid the passenger train. With terrific force the express dashed into the coal-trucks; both its engines were thrown off the rails, and a number of the carriages were telescoped in the crash. The engine-drivers and stokers escaped with

Admirals of the combined foreign squadrons will not permit the landing of fresh Turkish troops.

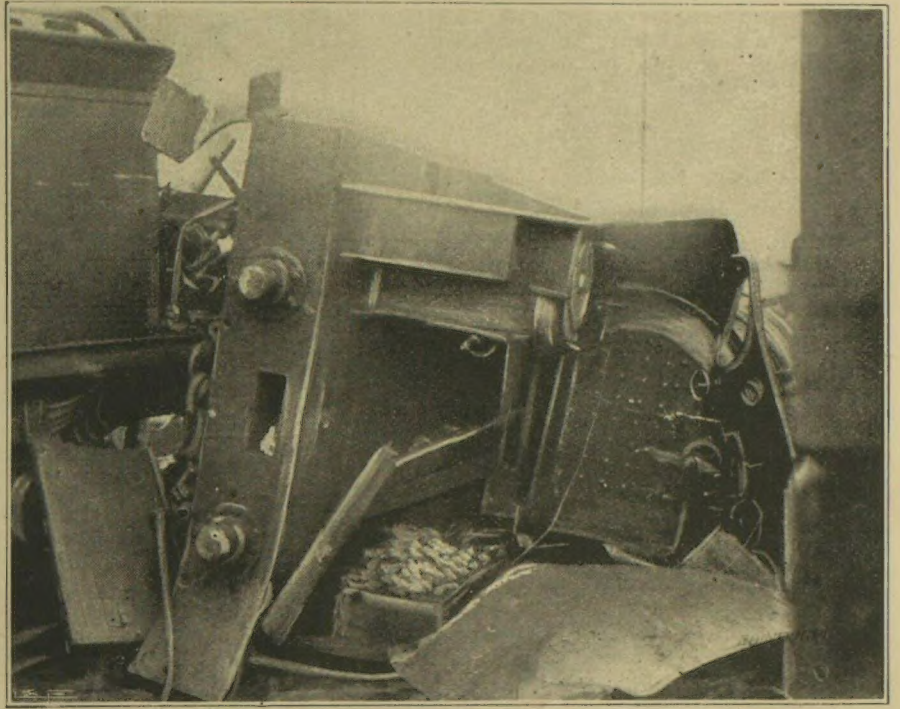
That instructive German newspaper, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Munich, celebrated its hundredth anniversary on New Year's Day. It is interesting to remember that Schiller, in 1797, assisted Cotta, the publisher, in drawing up the programme of the future journal, which was issued at first at Tübingen, was removed to Ulm and to Augsburg, and in 1882 to Munich.

The rumoured disasters to the French military exploring expedition of Captain Marchand from the French Congo territory, by the Bahr-el-Gazal, to the Upper Nile seem to have no foundation in fact. The party was safe on Aug. 26 at Fort Kossinger, and had not yet approached the Nile.

There are signs of a northward hostile movement of the Dervish forces on the Nile from Shendy and Metemneh; but the Anglo-Egyptian garrison of Berber is prepared to encounter them. Two of the gun-boats on Saturday last



SCENE OF THE COLLISION OUTSIDE DUNBAR STATION.



ONE OF THE WRECKED ENGINES.



A WRECKED CARRIAGE.



A WRECKED CARRIAGE.

THE ACCIDENT TO A SCOTCH EXPRESS.

Photographs by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

member, Mr. Rees Davies, takes his leave and an appointment from the Colonial Office to the Attorney-Generalship of the Bahamas. The eight contests are not likely to make much difference in the balance of parties. The Opposition may lose the seat at York, but they ought to hold their own at Plymouth.

Mr. Gladstone's eighty-eighth birthday, on Dec. 29, was celebrated with dinners of the Liberal party at Chester, at Ripon, and other towns, and at the National Liberal Club in London, telegrams were also sent to the right honourable gentleman at Cannes. Mr. C. Pelham Villiers, M.P., was ninety-six on Monday.

The old City Commission of Sewers, established in 1667, after the Great Fire of London, but for many years past acting as the Sanitary Authority and Burial Board within the City, and charged with the care of paving, lighting, and street-cleaning, terminated its existence this week. Mr. H. G. Smallman, the chairman, presided at its last meeting on Tuesday. Its municipal functions and authority devolve on the City Corporation, and some other part of its work is transferred to the Government Public Health Department.

The Local Government Board has appointed March 14, or some day from March 12 to March 16, for the election of Parish Councillors, with polling on April 4; and for

their lives, but were badly injured. The line was blocked for some hours by the wreckage of the two trains.

The trial of Arton and five members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies for alleged bribery in the affairs of the Panama Ship Canal Company resulted in the acquittal of them all.

The new German Ambassador to Turkey, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, has arrived at Constantinople, and was received by the Sultan on Friday.

Russia has sent M. Alexieff to Corea, as "official Finance Manager," to control all the details of revenue and expenditure of that kingdom, by virtue of a treaty or convention signed on Nov. 5, which is now published. The naval forces of Great Britain and of Japan in the Chinese seas are greatly superior to all others; our squadron is now guarding Chemulpo and Port Hamilton, and is to be further strengthened.

Some progress is now being made by the Ambassadors of the European Powers at Constantinople towards a scheme for the settlement of Crete, under the titular sovereignty of the Sultan, and paying a tribute, but with a Christian ruler, probably the Montenegrin Bozo Petrovitch, though Prince George of Greece is also mentioned by rumour, and to enjoy constitutional self-government, with a National Assembly; the Turkish troops to be withdrawn. The

went up the river far beyond Shendy and Metemneh, exchanged fire with the enemy's batteries and silenced them, proceeding afterwards to capture several cargo-boats. Our own Government is sending out four additional battalions of infantry and some Royal Engineer officers to strengthen Sir Herbert Kitchener's forces, which may possibly advance to Khartoum before the month of April.

A sad disaster took place on Monday evening at the Canadian town called London, in the province of Ontario. The platform at a public meeting in the City Hall, upon the occasion of municipal elections, broke down suddenly, and nearly two hundred persons fell a depth of twenty feet. Twenty-two were killed, and more than a hundred suffered various injuries.

The United States Government has introduced a Bill for Congress to pass forbidding all killing of seals in the open sea, Behring Sea; and very stringent American Customs regulations have been made concerning the importation of sealskins, or even the wearing of them, without paying a high tariff duty, by steam-ship passengers from Europe.

A great fire at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, on Dec. 28, destroyed eight hundred houses in the town, and three thousand persons were left homeless. There was an earthquake, but happily, not destructive, on the next day.



"PRO GLORIA PATRIÆ": BODIES OF OFFICERS KILLED IN THE INDIAN FRONTIER CAMPAIGN TAKEN DOWN COUNTRY FOR BURIAL UNDER ESCORT OF BENGAL LANCERS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. TOWNSEND.

LIKE swallows from a barn roof out poured the children from the village school. As they ran screaming and fluttering, long hair and pinafores flashed in the sun. This way and that they crossed and tugged, swooped and circled. Where only the robins had been singing, a medley of voices was snatched up by the breeze and carried to the green hill on which all the rooks were feeding, who in their turn rose clamorously to the clouds and spread confusion to the silent uplands. But suddenly in the village road all was still. The robins again sang from the Rectory stable. The children stood there silently grouped. In the middle of the road were two flushed and angry faces on which all eyes were fixed.

"Lonesome Anne!" hissed again one pair of quivering lips.

"Slippery Helen!" retorted the other firmly clenched ones.

Then the two children closed and tore each other like angry jays, whilst again a score of voices joined in the fray. But Lonesome Anne was worsted, for nobody took her part, and when she had fled from the chorus of execrations she turned round to retaliate, only to be met with a shower of stones, one of which cut her cheek open. Bleeding and angry, she took to flight, and never stopped until she had got right up to her father's cottage. She didn't cry then, but it chanced that that night her mother died, and Anne was more than ever lonesome.

That was years ago, but the school name had clung to her, and Anne had hugged it. In childish petulance she resolved to deserve the character. Living with her father alone in his solitary cottage, she had sought nobody and none had come in search of her. What need had she of friends? Child though she had been, that repulse had sunk right into her heart. They had stoned her from the village, and though she was now nineteen she never passed the spot where the stone had struck her without feeling the blow afresh. The scar was on her cheek yet, and deepened when she coloured, as she still always did when she encountered Helen. How she hated Helen! For Helen had grown beautiful, while Anne remained unusually plain.

Though she courted solitude Anne was never idle. Her cottage might have been the pride of her sex, while her Plymouth Rocks were admittedly the envy of both Mrs. Weeks, of Smallbrook, and Samuel Such, of the Cross Hands, the two great authorities on that matchless breed. With but few fields for her vanity, not unnaturally Anne fixed it all on her fowls. It was to shut them up that she came out every night about sunset, and not to admire the view. If she had got into the habit of lingering by the gate it was but to enjoy the solitude, to listen to the far-away sounds that emphasised the evening stillness. From her cottage she could see a long way over the hill, nearly to Upton Barn, and she generally glanced across it. But unconsciously companionship of some sort will be formed, if it be but with the birds, the rabbits, or the sailing clouds. Friendships of this kind Anne had made, and without knowing it, much of her maiden fancy played about the breezy hill-top. But especially at eventide. Partly, no doubt, from the hour's influence, but chiefly because the day's work was done. She was compelled then for an instant to see things as they were, and

sometimes she had to turn indoors heavily. One August night, after a gorgeous sunset, when the reapers had left the barley in which they had been all day at work, Anne wept when she went in—sat down and wept long and passionately. After that she was never quite the same again. She would linger at the gate still longer; look

more intently at the hill when she shut up her fowls. The reapers had done; the fields were alone again; save for that one figure about sunset which still took its solitary way as for months she had idly seen it do. Hitherto as merely part of the landscape, Anne now watched it as an object in itself. In the evening light it took always the



Then Anne stepped out and laid her hand upon him.

same track, rising and falling over the uneven pastures, now clear on the sky line, now dipping in a hollow with a trail of shadow behind it.

One evening she saw it leave the track, and hurriedly Anne went in. A minute or two later the gate creaked and her father asked who it was.

"Arch Sadler," said Anne, without looking up.

The figure came in and sat down, and as the girl moved about she heard the men talk of Arch getting work with the Squire. The visitor never glanced at her, and in leaving did not even bid her good-night. In washing up the tea-things afterwards, Anne broke a plate.

Contrary to her custom, the next Sunday night she went to church. Everybody stared at her, and she felt all her anger ablaze again. It was pitch-dark when they came out, and by the elm-trees at the back Anne stood to look at the lights through the stained windows. Suddenly she heard somebody cry "Helen!" and from but a few yards away came the answer: "Here I be, Arch." There were movements in the grass, titters, and then, less distinctly, "Did you see Lonesome Anne?"

Anne heard no more until presently a peal of laughter, which, as she climbed the hill, fell about her like a shower of stones and cut not her cheek only, but her very heart. She was angry, but not only with anger could she repel it now. The wound went deeper than the flesh. The pitch-dark night became darker still, until, from the recesses of her soul, flashes of lightning fitfully illumined it. All the tragedy which lurked in the name they had given her, and which she had so arrogantly accepted, was revealed in glimpses of terrible distinctness, and Anne recoiled from it. To-night she tried to hide herself in terror away, but with daylight she grew more bold. She took its measure. She began not only to look, but to roam over that hill-top, as if imploring the winds and clouds to help her, as if entreating the sun to pour his hottest beams into her heart and dispel the electric darkness which had gathered there to oppress her. All her habits were altered, and even her fowls fell off. Her father frequently returned to find the house in darkness—no tea prepared. He spoke to Anne about it, and, with impetuosity rather than anger, she said she wanted to go off to work. The man was startled, and pointed out how "uncommon awkward" it would be for him with nobody to look after his victuals. Anne saw this and said she wouldn't go.

The day after, when she had been long wandering on the hill, Anne crept into the old quarry. She looked and moved as stealthily as the hare which fled before her, and ultimately hid herself in the young larches with which the sides of this old quarry were clothed.

From her place of concealment she commanded the open rim, where a few weeks ago against the sky a sea of oats was waving. Her eyes were fixed there with an expression of grim intensity, although her lips quivered and her heart was thumping in her breast. She lost all count of time and knew not how long she waited, but at last, exactly where she had expected, the figure appeared. As it came down, her heart leapt to her throat, for the steps were bent directly towards her. Locking her fingers together, Anne shuddered. On he came, as it seemed, with his eyes fixed on her; but she knew that she was hidden, although there was but one larch sapling between them. She could hear him breathe, then chuckle, as he leaned down to some stones half-hidden in the grass. With a furtive glance the man took a dead rabbit from the ground, and began to unloose the snare. Then Anne stepped out, and laid her hand upon him, whilst the laugh of a woodpecker rang in the silence of the quarry and died away on the wind.

But neither Anne nor Arch Sadler laughed. With eyes fixed on each other there they stood, rooted to the ground, scarcely a foot apart. The man first smiled.

"You've done me, Anne," said he, dropping his spoil. She never moved.

"Take it up," said Anne.

"You don't mean me no harm, I know. I ben't a regular hand at this. This be the first and last—"

"I've seen you twice before," put in Anne abruptly in the same dry and solemn manner.

The man stared.

"You have? Then I won't gainsay it; but if I'd a-known as you were about I'd have tried another sort of game—you won't tell your father of I?"

"Why shouldn't I?" was the curt rejoinder.

"I'll tell you for why. Because you ben't a girl as 'ud ruin any chap. Master Gobbet 'ud sack me straightways, and I'd lose that job of the parson's. Besides, you know your father have promised to get I on with the Squire."

"Could I ruin you?" asked Anne, braving his gaze and putting on a smile of cold triumph. "What 'ud I care for that?"

"A deal, when it was done. Look, Anne." He stepped forward and caught her by the sleeve, but did not feel the tremor that passed through her.

"I'll tell you to-morrow night," she answered, pulling herself away.

"Nay, there be no better time—" Arch began, as he walked on by her side, but a glance from the girl silenced him.

"Here?" asked he submissively. She nodded and disappeared over the ridge, while he took another way down the hill.

In a state of agitation Anne roamed on. Fierce

tumultuous thoughts possessed her, driving her forward. Although it was her father's tea-time she would not go home, but abandoned herself to the wind which rushed over the hill-top and to the scudding clouds which, with tawny fringes, already cast a twilight shade over the lonely uplands. She had not said half she meant, but a glow of triumph was in her heart. He was in her power. It had fallen exactly as she had wished, as she had planned. The next night she could do more.

But by the next night anger had taken the place of fear in Arch. His ignominious capture rankled in his mind, and he craved for retaliation only. The method of it was not clear in his mind, but somehow he would pay her out. He ground his teeth as Anne kept him waiting, and he stared into the twilight for the needed hint. When at last she came among the fading objects Anne hesitated to descend, so the man went up to her.

"You've come at last," said he fiercely. "Why'st kept me a-waiting?"

Just as she had taken him he now caught her by the arm, but with a savage grip. His altered tone and action daunted Anne.

"You've told 'un, have you? You'll get me out o' the parish, eh? Then I can tell 'e as I won't go for nothing. 'St think as I'll give it all up for a rabbit? I'll have more than that, I warrant ye. I'll have some'at to go for, and it 'ull be you as—"

"But I haven't told father!" exclaimed Anne, when she could find her tongue. "I won't tell him."

Perhaps the peculiar tone surprised Arch and touched him. For a second he was silent, then he relaxed his grip. A thought flashed through his mind with unusual abruptness. He was not appeased, but she had given him the clue.

"You won't? . . . But I can't trust 'e."

"Nobody can say that of me," Anne retorted with spirit. But as she drew back the youth enfolded her with his arm.

"I don't believe 'em can, Anne. I won't, however. . . . Now do be still! I want to talk to you. I just put on as I was angry to see what you'd do. 'St think as I'd harm you? Ne'er a bit. That'll do, Annie."

"Nobody calls me Annie."

"All the better, then let I." Arch was jocular. The inspiration had saved him.

The expression of Anne's features was hidden in the dusk, else it might have shown the contest in her mind, as she allowed Arch to take her hand, and pour forth his rude and hollow compliments. She did nothing either to encourage him or restrain. As they walked on over the dusky field his words fell on a deaf ear, for the bitter consciousness of Lonesome Anne had induced a listless abandonment to these new conditions of which she had dreamed so long—for which she had schemed so passionately. In passing through a gate, the man paused in his talk, having loosed his companion's hand.

"Why are you saying all this to me?" Anne exclaimed suddenly in a startling tone.

"Because I love—" But as she burst into a flood of tears the lie direct remained unspoken.

When Arch had fastened the gate he could not find Anne. He moved this way and that in the obscurity, uttering her name as loud as he dared, but got no reply. Nor when he listened could he hear her step. There was only an owl calling far away over the wolds. So, more than usually thoughtful, he went home. Anne fled on. It was not anger that agitated her now. Bread she had craved, and the starry sky into which she gazed fell in a shower of stones about her soul, crushing out all the valour whereby alone she had been aroused and by which alone had any light been given to her steps. Now only darkness and chaos lay around. That ghastly tenderness loomed spectral through the gloom—shrieked in laughing mockery from the abyss. Love! ay, love! . . . But this was what she coveted! For this that she had schemed!

When she got home her father had gone to bed. Anne raked the fire together, and put on more wood. In a chair, to that monotonous snoring overhead, she sat by the ashes till morning.

"You'd better get a place, Anne," were the man's first words when he came down. "Come along o' me to Woolbourne to-day and see Mrs. Truby."

Anne simply assented, and they went.

It was the Wednesday cattle sale at Woolbourne, and they were soon picked up on the road by Master Tolley's cart. The men talked all the way, and Anne was silent. They jumped down at the Eight Bells, and at the farmer's invitation the keeper went in. Anne took her own way. She had no distinct notion of what course to take. She saw the window, with the card "Registry for Servants," but passed it by. The church clock chimed the quarters, and looking up she saw it was but a quarter to ten. There were as yet but a few idle drovers loafing about the pavement, and the men driving in the hurdles for sheep and pig pens in the cobbles of the broad High Street. Anne watched them, and then moved away. Impulsively she returned and saw Mrs. Truby.

Perhaps she thought of securing a place that day, but if so, she was disappointed. She left the door in a state of dejection just as the church clock was again chiming. The only other sound in the quiet place was a lumbering wagon with a string of horses, which came along the unpaved road.

Mechanically, Anne glanced that way, and the scar in her cheek turned crimson. She heard, or thought she heard, "There be Lonesome Anne," and without looking back, again walked blindly onwards. At last she was in the churchyard, and she stayed there a long time reading the inscriptions. She was undisturbed there, and the influence of the place brought her calm. Amidst this silent company she felt less alone, and no face rose to taunt her with its aggressive comeliness. She even felt at peace with the world, submissive to her lot. Attempts to evade it and to steal a better one seemed ignoble. Never before had she seen so clearly. Her course grew plainer, and lost its thorns. The church clock struck, and the bells chimed out a sweet old air from the grey tower, the faltering notes of which went to Anne's heart and wholly vanquished her. She went into the corner by the yew-trees and wept.

But with a brisk step and brighter face she soon left the place. A strange lightness was in her heart, which transformed everything about her. She had to pass the Reaper's Arms, by the door of which was a yellow wagon, and before she knew it, her eyes had read the words, "Joshua Gobbet, Upton Barn, Glorshire." The words thrilled her.

"Four o'clock, Helen; dunty be late," cried a voice from the doorway.

And a meteor of pink blouse and ribbons flashed before her with a ringing laugh. It passed, and Anne's cheek did not deepen.

Without seeking her father, she took the road home. It had been a sombre, silent day, but now the sun was peering through rifts to the west and tinging all the face of autumn with a golden hue. By Weston Wood, Anne stopped to listen to the flies in the ivy-blossom. She looked round and saw nobody, so where the wall was broken she went into the wood, and a squirrel scuttled up a tree before her.

The flies buzzed and a few birds twittered disconsolately, but all the rest of the earth seemed in profound repose. At last it was broken, and Anne moved from the place. From amid the trees she watched the wagon come lumbering along the straight upland road, getting louder and louder as it came onwards. While still some way off, shrieks of mirth rose above all other sounds, but Anne's colour did not alter. Her lips twitched as she saw the wagon stop at the dividing-road not fifty yards off. All was exactly as she had foreseen. But suddenly she turned away and her face was crimson. At this distance she heard the kiss and the smack with which Helen pretended to resent it. Anne never had been kissed. The cart again rumbled onwards, and looking, Anne saw Helen coming on alone.

By the beech-trees Helen stopped her song abruptly and stared at Anne. The lovely features admitted of no disguise. Anne had forgotten how to begin, so she did it awkwardly.

"Is Arch Sadler one of your sweethearts?" she asked, as she took a place by her companion's side.

The mistake was an innocent one, but Anne saw it immediately.

"Well, you've cheek enough for two sets of teeth," was Helen's reply. "P'raps he be one of yours?"

"He is; the only one." Again this was not intended.

Helen stared, then the still air was rent with that ever-ready laughter. They were just passing the Wancote quarry, open to the road, and with an inspiration Helen clutched the other's hand.

"Poor Arch! Did you ever see yourself in a glass?"

Ignorant of her intentions, Anne let her companion drag her into the quarry, in the middle of which was a pond. By the slab of water Helen stood, and bending forward, said: "Look!" Two faces were distinctly imaged there. Anne turned to look into the living one beside her, the eyes and ruby lips of which were gleaming in a sudden burst of light. Helen had retained, even increased, the pugnacity of her childhood, so she mistook the sudden flush on Anne's face.

"Do you know why I stayed for you, Helen?" The latter stood dumb. Anne gazed at the beauty with all anger dead. No impulse urged her to tear that pink cheek and trample it in the dust. Still looking, she longed to be warmed and quickened by its rays. She stepped forward to fling herself on Helen's mercy, to beg—as she had stayed on the road to do—the tenderness and sisterhood of that divinely swelling bosom: but, misinterpreting the action, Helen stepped back and clenched her fist. Anne shrank away and heard in silence the torrent of abuse and angry threats with which her companion left her.

Anne stood some time alone, then left the place. But she did not take the road. Hurriedly she crossed the fields in the direction of the old quarry, her soul aflame like the sun just setting. Again the dreams, the despair of a lonely and neglected maidenhood, were fused into this one adventure. Twilight deepened and nobody came. But he would be late to-night, and he always passed this way. The hunter's moon rose, and when at last Anne saw the figure, she ran towards it.

"Arch, you said you loved me."

The man was dazed, for he had had a good day, as he always did when sent to Woolbourne.

"And so I do," was his reply, as his thoughts were cleared before him.

"It be a lie," she cried. "You love Helen. I saw you kiss her. How can you love me?"

"Helen—Helen—" mused Arch. "Who haven't kissed Slippery Helen? Her ben't worth a mommet by the side o' you. There be half a dozen after she."

Anne shuddered from head to foot, knowing he lied, but she clung to him. Never had she known such force of heroic resolve. She could yet ruin him; she could yet extort his love. It was her only chance. She had been right. He didn't, couldn't love her; but he *should*. She loved him madly, and by every bond would she tie him to her heart. So far as tongue could utter it, as they went on she poured out to him all the load of loneliness that had oppressed her life. She even confessed her design upon him, her sole reason for getting him in her power. Then how she would earn his love; how all her life and devotion should be spent on him! Such ideas perplexed Arch, and such a display was new to him. Courtship as he knew it was a species of warfare, but this was throwing the game away. Still, his good humour was in the ascendant, and he roamed on with Anne under the strengthening moon.

At last they parted under the clump of firs on Wancote Hill. Anne stood on the road and listened to his steps. Then she ran after him for some last injunction, and again left him. The last she heard of him was a boisterous song and a farewell laugh which strangely reminded her of Helen's. That note sounded a knell in her heart, and, shuddering from head to foot, Anne crept homewards.

For some days she kept to the house. But Arch had promised again to meet her, and on that night she went out. It was cheerless and inclined to rain. Anne's spirits were in the same condition, but seeing a dusky figure she ran towards it. Instantly there was another movement beside a bush, followed by a peal of laughter, which fell about Anne with all the crushing malignity of a shower of stones.

"Come on Anne!" cried a silvery voice.

"St think I shall want you, Anne, if I can get Helen? We be quits now. Tell your father if you dare."

Anne was shot. After standing in momentary stupefaction, she turned away without uttering a word and took the dark road to her lonely cottage.

The next morning a letter came from Mrs. Truby to offer Anne a place, but she didn't take it.

THE END.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Eleven (from July 3 to December 25, 1897) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 193, Strand, W.C., London.

ART NOTES.

It is now fifteen years since Mr. A. N. Roussoff first solicited attention from the English public. He came with a reputation made in Venice, at a time when the Queen of the Adriatic was the happy sketching-ground of several accomplished artists. By this it must not be understood that there was ever a time when painters as well as poets did not turn to Venice for inspiration, but Italy of recent years only has been made *de faire les frais* of a "one man's show." M. Roussoff's bright and vigorous style of treating prisons and palaces, canals and churches, at once took the public fancy, and he has now established himself as a

he will find many competitors who see things Arab and Egyptian with less conventional eyes; and M. Roussoff is at his best when working at Venice and its outlying spots, such as Murano and Chioggia, of which the incidents of daily life are as familiar to him as each varying tone of sunshine and shadow.

Mr. Alexander Johnston's *Botany for Beginners* (W. A. and K. Johnston) is an attempt to bring a knowledge of elementary botany within the reach of children by means of illustrated sheets, to be hung on the school-room walls. This method of teaching not only botany, but the rudiments of zoology, mineralogy, and other natural sciences, has long been in vogue in Germany, and has for

some years been recognised in France. Mr. Johnston's botany-sheets are clearly designed and truthfully coloured, but he does not seem to sustain throughout each sheet the same scale. The real value of object-teaching is lost if the comparative size of the various objects is not preserved throughout the sheet exposed to the child's view.

Mr. H. H. Statham's *Modern Architecture* (Chapman and Hall), "a book for architects and the public," appeals to a very limited category of the latter, but it contains many valuable maxims and counsels. In the chapter devoted to domestic architecture, Mr. Statham points out that more importance is attached in the modern house to having things comfortable and convenient inside than to falling in with the architect's love of external display. The two may be compatible when millionaires are concerned, but the ordinary house-builder cannot indulge in expensive advertisement of his architect's capabilities. Mr. Statham lays down that the morning room, which is occupied at the coldest part of the day, should always have an easterly or southeasterly aspect, and in smaller houses the dining-room should be similarly placed. The drawing-room should look two ways, accommodating equally aspect and prospect; the kitchen should always, and



The still air was rent with that ever-ready laughter.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

purveyor of pictures which not only catch the eye, but hold the approval of purchasers. With time his style has greatly improved, both as regards colouring and illumination, and his Egyptian experiences have brought into greater relief his sympathy with Oriental richness. In the present exhibition at the Fine Arts Gallery there are few pictures more attractive than those of the polenta-kitchens of Venice, where the contrasts between the earthenware and metal utensils is extremely picturesque, and original local colour maintained, and the artist has been well inspired in not introducing any figures to disturb the harmonious arrangement of the stove and its accessories. In the present exhibition, M. Roussoff carries us not only to Rome, Ravenna, and Seville—all spots which lend themselves to his brush—but away to Cairo and into Upper Egypt; but on this ground

without any limitation, look north, and the nursery south. Mr. Statham deals also with Church, State, and municipal and street architecture, of which the first has varied less than the others in modern times. The erection of State and municipal buildings is the most distinguishing feature of our times, and Mr. Statham is not blind to the way in which architects have run riot with tax-payers' money, giving but poor return for the sums expended in street architecture. London has something better to show in individual houses than any rival capital, although we cannot boast of uniformity or even a certain dead-level of excellence. In treating this branch of his subject one cannot but feel surprised that no reference is made to the late Mr. J. L. Pearson's building on the Thames Embankment for Mr. Astor's estate office, one of the gems of modern street architecture.



THE COMPANY'S FAVOURITE: "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!"



HOCKEY ON THE ICE IN AMERICA: A SHOT FOR GOAL.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

With Nature and a Camera. By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. Illustrated by 180 pictures from photographs by Cherry Kearton. (Cassell and Co.)
The Work of Charles Keene. With Introduction and Comments by Joseph Pennell, and a Biography by W. H. Chesson. (Unwin.)
Journeys in the United States. By Winifred Lady Howard of Glossop. (Sampson Low.)
Sport and Travel in India and Central America. By A. S. Bagot. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Tower of London. By William Harrison Ainsworth. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. (G. Routledge and Sons.)

Rather more than a year ago the brothers Kearton published a book on "British Birds' Nests," which, from the excellence of the photographic illustrations that accompanied the work, attracted at the time a great deal of attention from naturalists. The present publication may be regarded as a supplement to that work, Mr. Richard Kearton taking the public into his confidence and by a personal narrative showing how the material for his work on "British Birds' Nests" was collected. It is the journal of an enthusiastic naturalist who had the good fortune to be accompanied by a most expert photographer. Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole book is that which deals with St. Kilda, the account of its inhabitants and their habits, and of its birds, being by far the best of recent years. One cannot doubt from the photographs that the inhabitants are of Scandinavian descent, being probably, as their tradition indicates, emigrants from one of the Hebrides. They have kept their Scandinavian features, but assumed the language, the customs, and the mental bias of the Western Celts among whom they settled. Mr. Kearton's account of the St. Kildans may be accepted as true of any of the smaller Hebridean Islands. It is a long cry from the St. Kildans to the Essex gamekeepers, the Lincoln duck-decoys, the bird-catchers on the Brighton Downs; but whether in the North of Scotland or in the South of England, the brothers Kearton are at home. The last chapter, on their methods of taking photographs, will be especially welcome to naturalists.

Mr. Pennell has been such a doughty fighter for certain schools, theories, and practices of art that the habit of sparring has got into his blood and into his literary style. He always writes as if he were quite alone *contra mundum*, and quite misunderstood. This is the tone he takes up far too much in his introduction to "The Work of Charles Keene." But save for this and for his dictum that Keene was the greatest English artist with the exception of Hogarth, there is only praise due to him for his capital work as editor. Keene was not the greatest artist save Hogarth, but he was an incomparable draughtsman, and a man of most living, forcible genius—one, too, whose capacities and achievements were far beyond and far more varied than his popular reputation gives any hint of even at this moment. Mr. Pennell and Mr. Unwin between them have sent out a magnificent volume. No other book of the year can compare with it for artistic care, and very few can rival it in general interest. The living daily humour of English life, without exaggeration or caricature, has never been pictured as by Keene, who might, too, had he lived, and had the world encouraged him, have made his name great in landscape art, or as an etcher, or as the interpreter of poetic romance. Mr. Pennell's letterpress, it should be said, does not go over the ground of Mr. Somes Layard's *Life*, being merely concerned with Keene's artistic career.

Lady Howard of Glossop's object in traversing much of the vast area of the North American Continent—her journeys include Canada and Mexico, as well as the United States—was as different as possible from that of such a Transatlantic traveller of the fair sex as Harriet Martineau. Lady Howard went to enjoy nature and scenery in strange lands, and what their cities had to show of picturesque and curious, not, like Harriet, to study their manners and institutions. She has evidently the trained eye of an artist—the numerous illustrations are, it may be surmised, the product of her pencil—and she has a good deal of a poet's enthusiasm for the grand and beautiful. Her volume is a series of delightful pictures of tour and travel, with just enough of reference to interesting people whom she met, and of history and biography appropriately thrown in, to add a human interest to her descriptions. Her style is in its graceful simplicity that of a highly cultivated Englishwoman. In recording her feelings at Niagara in a passage which, after all that has been written on that theme, is very impressive, Lady Howard becomes vivid, but in her most glowing moods she is always natural, and never shows the slightest tendency towards affectation or "gush."

It may prove an attraction to the "general reader" who is tempted to while away an hour or two over Mr. Bagot's volume, that its contents are not exclusively of or belonging to sport in the usual restricted sense of the word. It is full of vivacious sketches of life of various kinds in countries so different and so distant from each other as India and Central America. In his "Indian section," to borrow a phrase from the Imperial Institute, Mr. Bagot chronicles the doings of our military countrymen in India during their intervals of professional business, their cricketing, horse-racing, gambling, and so forth, and the feastings, rivalries, and personal collisions incident thereto. In the Central American section the Yankee element comes into play, and there are racy anecdotes of Brother Jonathan's outeness triumphing over Spanish-American cunning. One of the faults of the book is its diffuseness, arising, doubtless, from the form in which it was originally published—that of letters to an Anglo-Indian journal. A graver fault is its extreme "slanginess," which Mr. Bagot would do well to amend in his future contributions to the literature of sport.

Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London" appears to have been originally published in parts, like so many of Dickens's and several of Thackeray's fictions. When its publication in that form was completed, the author gave a dinner at a hostelry in Bouverie Street, in honour of the event. The late John Blackwood was one of the

guests, and a rather contemptuous letter from him describing the scene is printed in Mrs. Oliphant's recently issued history of the House of Blackwood. Ainsworth was in the chair, and George Cruikshank, who illustrated the work, croupier. "The lions," John Blackwood wrote to his brothers in Edinburgh, "were Serjeant Talfourd, 'Boz,' Mrs. Hughes's son ('Tom Brown'), Pickersgill, Stanfield, MacLise, Roberts, Tom Longman, and a few others." The date of the letter is Dec. 14, 1840, fifty-seven years since, during which chairman, croupier, the "lions" of the occasion, and John Blackwood himself have all been gathered to their fathers. The "Tower of London: a Historical Romance," not only, however, survives, but a new edition of it, a handsome volume, with Cruikshank's illustrations, all of them architectural, has just been issued. Of the merits and demerits of the work it would be superfluous, at this date, to speak. The book, it may be noted, however, is considered to be so much of a contribution both to English history and to the history of the Tower that an Index of the names of persons and places mentioned in it is appended to the new edition—a very rare, if not a unique, adjunct to a work of fiction.

RECENT FICTION.

Derelicts. By William J. Locke. (John Lane.)
Katharine Cromer. By Helen Craven. (A. D. Innes and Co.)
Where the Reeds Wave. By Anne Elliot. Two vols. (Bentley and Sons.)
The Nigger of the "Narcissus." A Tale of the Sea. By Joseph Conrad. (Heinemann.)

The hero of Mr. William J. Locke's new novel, "Derelicts," Chisely is an educated gentleman of good family, who, under the pressure of great temptation, has been guilty of an act of dishonesty, for which, after he has expiated it in confinement, he feels the keenest remorse. The story opens when he has just come out of prison, cast off by his family, and alone in the streets of London, with destitution in the near distance. He changes his name to Herbert Joyce, and without experience of work or recommendations of friends, he struggles in vain to procure the humblest employment. He is in despair, when he is rescued from it by a guardian angel, a friend of better days, Yvonne Latour. She has been deserted by a good-for-nothing French husband, and is a successful professional singer, leading a slightly Bohemian but quite immaculate life. Of course, she is young and beautiful, but has also sprightly vivacity and goodness of heart, which makes her a very attractive heroine. She takes Herbert by the hand and procures him an engagement as a chorus-singer in an operative company going on tour. He is beginning to forget his past life, when a released jail-bird and former fellow-convict betrays his secret, and he is sent by his comrades to Coventry. Once more thrown on the world, he goes to South Africa, but after the acceptance of a novel which he writes, returns to London. Meanwhile, Yvonne's career has been full of vicissitude. She captivates, and rather reluctantly marries, a highly respectable Canon, who is devoted to her, and with whom she is happy enough in a humdrum sort of way. But then turns up the inevitable first husband, the scampish Frenchman, who, she thought, of course, was dead, but who proved to be very much alive. The poor Canon reluctantly but necessarily separates from her, and she refuses the provision which he offers her, preferring to live by her old profession. Alas, she loses her voice, is reduced to poverty, and is driven by diphtheria to a London hospital, where, after a long hunt, the hero finds her. It is now his turn to aid her. He is employed as assistant in an old book shop kept by an eccentric bibliophile. Yvonne and he set up a very modest *ménage*, and live like brother and sister, the memory of his old disgrace preventing him from offering his hand where his heart has long been. In the end, she marries Herbert. There are here, with some conventional incidents, the materials of an interesting story, and if it did not drag a little after the heroic separation from the Canon and the hero's return from South Africa, "Derelicts" would be throughout a very "readable," and in any case is a fairly successful, novel. The characters of Yvonne and the Canon are excellently drawn.

The smart vulgarity of "Katharine Cromer" is nothing less than appalling, but it is at least smart. At times, to be sure, one cannot understand the excruciating fun which excited "screams of laughter" from the Duchess and her party: "'All right,' returned Kitty, 'run away and get me some pie—that's suitable to kittens.' 'Beware, Lady Katharine, of calling yourself a kitten. It may be suitable now; but when you're forty you'll be known as the old cat.' 'Me-ow! me-ow!' cried Kitty, and began a pantomime of scratching Sibyl Gale, who rose to the occasion, and spat and swore with the most admired truthfulness to nature." There is a little too much of this "'Arry and 'Arriet" humour; but the story has "go" in it, and its heroine, Lady Kitty, if vulgarity incarnate in her manners, is genuine and interesting.

Very different is the tone of "Where the Reeds Wave," which has something like the effect on one of melancholy music, sweet and sad. Its heroine is a child of shame who narrowly escapes her mother's fate, which, however, is not that of the wholly lost. Her mother made a miserable marriage with a fisherman who knew and condoned but never really forgot or forgave her sin, though he takes to his heart its offspring, the heroine. Then her real father appears upon the scene, and is brought to a bitter sense of all the mischief and misery he wrought so lightly, and to an intense longing to repair as much of it as was repairable. But the happiness of the woman he had betrayed was gone irreparably, and after the drowning of her husband she, too, dies, worn out with misery. There is time, however, to make reparation to his daughter, the heroine, and it is made in full, not by him only, but by the clergyman she marries. There is much grace and sweetness and quiet power in this pathetic novel.

The psychology of the primitive passions of man (as opposed to the opposite sex) is a fashion in modern fiction which has created the fame of some strong writers—notably, Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Morley Roberts; and Mr. Joseph Conrad's tale of the sea, "The Nigger of the

Narcissus," is as powerful as anything that has been done in this medium. He takes us on board the *Narcissus* at Bombay, and brings us into the Thames after a fearful passage. A weird sense of doom is worked into the story in the shape of a nigger, James Wait, who ships as an A.B. and turns out to be a dying man. The emotions stirred in the rough crew by the sick man's perpetual presence, and the effect of a fearful storm on his mess-mates, is very well done, though at too great length, and in language too technical. But Mr. Conrad has fancy, and he can write well. The school of fiction-brutality to which he belongs is not given to idealising fact as he does when he speaks, for instance, of the Clyde as "the clamorous and sombre stream," which "gives birth to things of beauty that float away into the sunshine of the world to be loved by men." Mr. Conrad, indeed, realises "sea power" in a very different spirit from Captain Mahan.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Henry Hess's new journal, the *Critic*, bears date Jan. 1, 1898, and if report is to be trusted, it is the first of a very considerable number of new journals for which 1898 is to be responsible. The *Critic*—which, by the way, is quite unlike its American contemporary of the same name, only four pages being devoted to books—started with the enormous advantage of the circulation of the *African Critic*, which I believe was very considerable. The most striking feature of the new journal, which otherwise is bright and readable, is the announcement on the first page: "The Editor declines to accept free passes or tickets for any theatres, concerts, or other entertainments, or free copies of books or magazines for review." By the light of the fact that one of the leading London theatres did not send a ticket to a recent new performance to the critic of an important weekly on account of his previous plain-speaking, the *Critic* rule as regards theatres has clearly much to be said for it.

The next new journal on the way is the *New Review* in its weekly form, the magazine of that name, which was edited by Mr. W. E. Henley, having terminated its existence. The new *New Review* is to be edited by Mr. Percy Hurd, one of the most talented of the younger journalists of London. Mr. Hurd is the editor of the *Canadian Gazette*, and is well known in London journalism through his intimacy with all shades of Imperial and Greater Britain politics. Mr. Henley is to write a good deal of literary criticism for the new journal, and Mr. Hurd is gathering around him a brilliant staff of contributors. The note of the paper is to be Imperialism abroad and more or less of Democracy at home; practically, one may assume that it will have the Conservative-Democratic note which was associated with the more glorious part of the career of Lord Randolph Churchill. It is not true, by the way, as has been stated, that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has anything to do with the new venture. Mr. Harmsworth, who is now on his way to Egypt for the winter, has restricted his interest to a cordial sympathy with the general political ideals of the proposed paper.

A copy of the *Star* for Jan. 17, 1888, is before me, and it calls to mind the marvellous successes of halfpenny journalism since that date. To commemorate its share in these successes, the *Star* will blow its own trumpet, no doubt with becoming modesty, exactly ten years after, on Jan. 17 next. A story by Dr. Conan Doyle will be among the features of the issue.

An exceptionally large number of serial stories by distinguished writers are now running in the current magazines. The *Cornhill* has a story by Mr. Stanley Weyman, the *Windsor* one by Mr. Max Pemberton, Anthony Hope's delightful sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda" is running in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and Mr. Seton Merriman has a serial in *Harper's*.

The persistence of the serial in magazine literature is a decided puzzle to me. Mr. Munsey, who, I suppose, edits the magazine with the largest circulation in the world, endeavoured to secure the opinion of his readers on this point, and found them by a large majority keenly in favour of the serial. There can be no doubt that Mr. Wells's story, "The War of the Worlds," had a very distinct success as it appeared in *Pearson's Magazine*. Nevertheless, when I read that Mr. Wells has added ten thousand words to the story for book publication and made sundry other alterations, and that Mr. Hall Caine considerably changed "The Christian" when it appeared in book-form, I am rather bewildered as to the advantages which the readers of the magazines secure in days when books are so cheap. The serialising of long novels is a relic of the times when they were obtainable for a year or two only in three-volume form.

I am quite at a loss to understand the meaning of Mr. Seton Merriman's success, and that he is successful is indisputable. "The Sowers" and, later, "In Kedar's Tents" have been two of the most popular novels of the day. Here, however, I find in "Roden's Corner" one of the dullest, dreariest, most unilluminated stories that I have ever read. I am sorry that this should be so, because Mr. Merriman is one of the few novelists who, like Mr. Kipling said of "Bobs," do not advertise. But then that was written before Lord Roberts had joined the Vagabonds' Club, and we do not know what indiscretions in the way of interviews Mr. Merriman may yet commit.

Grote, of Berlin, has just published a magnificent work on Dante, by Franz Xaver Kraus, full of beautiful illustrations treating of the great poet's life. I hope that some enterprising publisher in this country may see his way to presenting it in an English garb.

Mr. W. B. Yeats, who for that growing public, which unlike the older hacks of criticism, has a perception of the Celtic genius, has written some of the truest poetry of our time, is shortly to publish, through Mr. Elkin Mathews, a volume of lyrics entitled "The Wind among the Reeds." C. K. S.



A FREE COMMUNIST COLONY IN ENGLAND: SKETCHES AT CLOUDSEN HILL FARM, FOREST HALL, NORTHUMBERLAND.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: THE BURNING OF A NATIVE VILLAGE OUTSIDE THE BRITISH CAMP AT BAGH.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

"The constant firing into camp by the tribesmen under cover of night at last became so insupportable that Sir William Lockhart, having frequently warned the enemy, but all to no purpose, ordered General Grieco and his brigade to fire the village nearest to the camp. The conflagration formed a curious spectacle. The smoke from the different houses rose in straight columns, and then, at some height from the ground, collected into a mass so dense that at 8.30 in the morning, no wind having arisen to clear the atmosphere, the light of day was completely obscured. The object—namely to clear the atmosphere, for, with the exception of a few stray shots from rising sharpshooters, we have been unharmed. There have been three shots this evening, and as I sit writing, without any protection, I fully expect another—still, it does not come!"—MELTON PRIOR, Bagh, Nov. 20.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.



Photo Symonds, Portsmouth.

H.M.S. ALACRITY, TWIN-SCREW DESPATCH-VESSEL,
BRITISH SQUADRON, CHINA STATION.
1700 Tons; 3000 Horse Power; 4 Guns.



Photo Symonds, Portsmouth.

H.M.S. HUMBER, SCREW STORE-SHIP,
BRITISH SQUADRON, CHINA STATION.
1640 Tons; 800 Horse Power.



ENTRANCE TO PORT ARTHUR, OCCUPIED BY THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON.



Photo Scharwaechter, Berlin.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA,
REPRESENTING THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN CHINESE WATERS.



Photo Symonds, Portsmouth.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, RECEIVING-SHIP, BRITISH SQUADRON, CHINA STATION.
5157 Tons.



Photo Valentine, Dunee.

A CHINESE GUN-BOAT.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have always had a wish to write a life of François Blanc, of Baden-Baden and Monte Carlo fame, and whenever something more than usual happens in the latter spot, the temptation becomes almost irresistible. It is more than probable that I shall never realise my wish, but, as Petrarch said with regard to his passion for Laura, "though hope be dead, the desire lives." I fancy I could portray him in a light in which he has never been represented. To the world at large, François Blanc was nothing more than a very successful speculator on the weaknesses—vices, if one will—of others. To me he was a man who would have simply moved heaven and earth to indulge in his own vice; in other words, he was the most desperate gambler that ever lived, a gambler to his finger-nails, to his bone and marrow; and it was to indulge this mania that he extended his enterprise wherever he could. His was not the gambling spirit that goes in for Stock Exchange combinations—cotton, grain, or other corners—or even horse-racing.

Strange as it may sound, the small element of certainty supposed to be underlying any of those ventures was even too much for him. His mind could only conceive one adversary—namely, pure and simple chance; the issue of the battle had to be decided by the revolution of a wheel, the throw of the dice, the turn of a card. To such a gambler, who possesses, moreover, two millions sterling, no adversary, unless it be one willing and able to stake a like amount, is worth looking at. There is scarcely any need to point out to the reader that such an adversary as represented by one individual is not found once in a century.

Failing to find such an adversary, a gambler of Blanc's calibre pits himself, like another Goliath, against a whole army; but of course neither his passion nor his pride will allow him to decline the challenge of a David. Blanc confronted three or four Davids like this during his long career, the best known of whom was Garcia, the Spaniard, who, if I am not mistaken, died a few years ago in a monastery in Madrid.

When the Davids did not make their appearance, Blanc practically pitted himself against himself. To those who know the real gambler there is nothing extraordinary in this. Until a few years ago I knew one of this kind. He used to sit dicing alone. With his left hand he rattled the dice for himself, his right represented an imaginary opponent. He kept an absolutely strict account of his gains and losses, and as conscientiously handed over the gains made by his dexter palm to the poor-boxes of the metropolitan police offices, for he was exceedingly rich, and the love of money had nothing whatever to do with his gaming.

Now, though François Blanc became towards the end of his life most careful in his private expenses, he was neither a spendthrift nor a miser at any time. No miser would have lavished the millions he lavished on Monte Carlo. His personal estate amounted, at his death in 1879, to two millions and a half sterling, and I could cite not one but a score of instances where he gave freely, and to the

tune of hundreds. Yet he would have a battle royal with his womenkind when any of them wanted something extra in the way of dress, and hand over the money grudgingly. One day when he and his wife were at Wiesbaden, it suddenly became very hot. Madame Blanc had forgotten her sunshade, and said she wanted a new one.

"Women always want something," growled Blanc; but he went into a shop with his wife and paid eighty francs for a handsome parasol. The outlay seemed to weigh on his mind; he kept rattling his gold in his pocket for a few moments, and finally left Madame Blanc by herself in the roadway. He rushed up the steps of the

hundred wherewith to light his cigar. The percentage of Blanc's losses on that night, which would be refunded to him when accounts were balanced, was certainly not more than half the sum, so at the lowest computation he was forty-five thousand francs to the bad. But in the excitement of the game he absolutely forgot that he was fighting his own shadow; and it was only when he came to his senses that he felt utterly ashamed of himself—so ashamed that he left Wiesbaden early the following morning, and was seen there no more for at least a fortnight.

This trait, I fancy, explains the whole man and the determination to have the most colossal gaming establish-

ment the world has ever seen. Does the reader expect any comment on my part? Here it is, contained in one sentence of that very wise man, Baruch Spinoza: "Our duty is neither to ridicule the affairs of men nor to deplore, but simply to understand them."

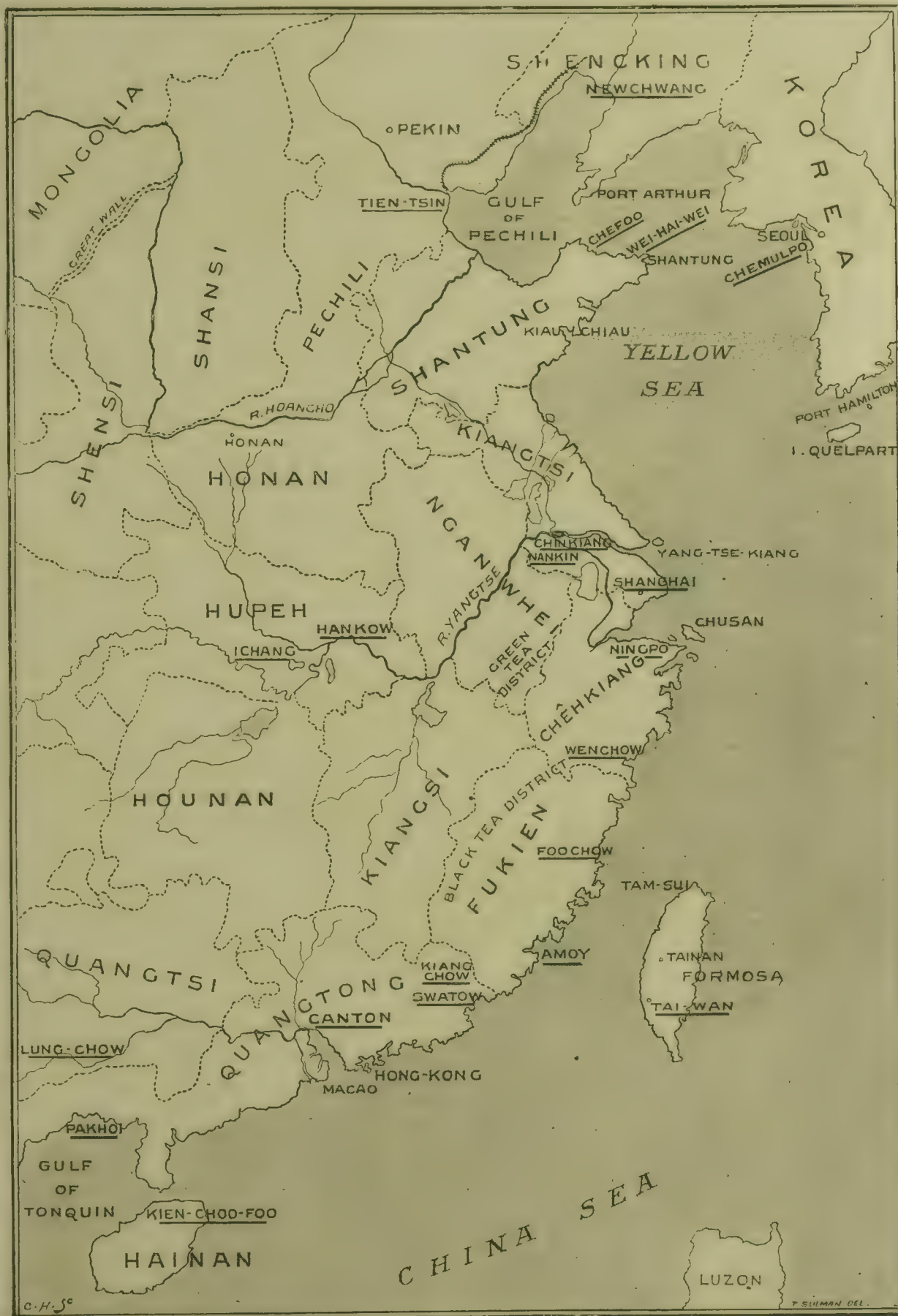
MUSIC.

With the New Year, the voice of the warbler once more arises in the land, and we plunge anew into a musical season. During Christmas week there was practically only one concert seasonably given by Madame Blanche Marchesi, a curious entertainment called "Contes Mystiques," in which the singer, attired in a fantastic robe and seated in a strong light, while all else was darkness, save for the twinkling of the stars in the background, delivered a series of religious songs dealing with the season and composed by various French musicians. The songs themselves were, oddly enough, considering their origin, quite curiously monotonous; but the singer, with her powerful sense of drama and wonderful variety of vocal expression, made the thing extremely attractive and interesting. We are not sure if so obvious an appeal to the emotional side of art is altogether legitimate; but that Madame Marchesi once more proved conclusively the wide extent of her resources as a dramatic singer cannot be doubted.

New Year's Day brought two concerts, "Elijah" at the Queen's Hall and "The Messiah" at the Albert Hall. In his conducting of "Elijah," Mr. Henry Wood was far more satisfactory than he was the other day at the same hall in "The Messiah." The smoothness and sweetness of Mendelssohn's work seemed, curiously enough, to appeal more conclusively to this modern and

Wagnerian conductor than did the massive greatness and the rare delicacy of Handel. The Queen's Hall Choral Society sang extremely well. Mr. Santley, who took the part of the prophet, has still all the fire, the nervous intensity, the high purpose which always distinguished him in his singing of this particular part.

Sir Frederick Bridge conducted at the Albert Hall what was, on the whole, a highly interesting performance of "The Messiah." Of course with numbers so immense it is impossible to prevent a certain woodenness and immobility in the rendering of the choruses; these things must necessarily and always remain; but Sir Frederick Bridge does manage to secure from his forces an astonishing quality of breadth and a general attentiveness to the spirit of the thing. Madame Albani took the soprano part. Miss Clara Butt sang superbly, and Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Watkin Mills repeated old successes.



THE CHINESE CRISIS: POSITIONS OF PORT ARTHUR AND KIAU-CHIAU, OCCUPIED BY RUSSIA AND GERMANY, WITH NAMES OF TREATY PORTS AND TOWNS UNDERLINED.

Kursaal and entered the rooms. To the amazement of the employés, he went up to the "trente et quarante" table and put two louis on the black. An attendant came up with a chair. "No, I am not going to stay, thank you," he said. "I only want to win eighty francs. I have just been paying for a sunshade for Madame Blanc."

By eleven o'clock that night—for the dinner-hour was forgotten—that sunshade cost him ninety-one thousand and odd francs. To the ordinary observer, the whole thing reads like a huge farce, inasmuch as he concludes that at the end of the year the money thus lost would re-enter Blanc's pocket. This was not the case, for there were shareholders then; and the affair is not at all on a par with that of the Australian squatter, who, in order to outvie the miner who lighted his pipe with a five-pound note, wrote out a cheque for a

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Despite the fact that science has fully demonstrated that cremation is the only method of disposing of the dead, reverently and safely, when we have regard to the welfare of the living, it is matter of surprise that the movement does not progress with that speed which would gratify sanitarians and render life certainly better protected from soil-infection than it is to-day. I observe that in Liverpool, where a crematorium has been successfully in operation for over a year, the directors of the company complain of the relatively small share their apparatus is allowed to take in the disposal of the dead. Some ten cremations, I believe, have taken place, all having been performed with success. Myself an earnest advocate of cremation, I have noted not any great objection to the process, but rather an indifference to the larger question—"How should the dead be disposed of with reference to the sanitary safety of the living?" "Out of sight, out of mind," is a saying which applies to the dead most exactly. Nothing is thought of the sanitary relations of the dead to the living; and so, while our burial soil is festering with corruption and when our overcrowded burial pits are fit to shame us into reform, we continue to bury our dead under the mistaken idea that when they are safely housed below any sort of soil we have done our duty by them and by ourselves.

Never was a greater mistake! You don't destroy disease-germ by long burial in the earth; and ordinary burial is simply, in the long run, a process of infecting the soil with countless microbes. When these find their way into water or air, they must propagate their diseases anew; and then we speak with bated breath of the subtle nature of infection and of the mysterious fashion in which diseases appear without, apparently, any preceding cause to give them birth. This is the sanitary side of cremation. The pure, cleansing fire leaves nothing corrupt behind it. All is consumed and converted, save the minerals of the bones, into heated gases, which are given forth to the air, and are speedily dissipated as they mingle with the great air-ocean into which they are discharged. Contrast this cleanly, rapid process with the filthy thing we call "burial." It is not really burial at all. To carry out that process truly, the earth—and it must be a dry, loamy soil—must be in contact with the body. The body must be immersed in it, that, in Nature's own chemical processes, it may be taken to pieces in an inoffensive manner; for it may be added that cremation and burial are, chemically, much the same, after all is said and done. The one is a quick burning in the furnace; the other, a slow burning in the earth. Do we ever carry out burial properly? I should say not, unless we place the body in a readily perishable coffin in a proper soil, and it is just the difficulty of getting a proper soil which is the crux of the burial question. As often as not, cemetery soils preserve the bodies buried in them. Lately, in Paris, bodies were recognisable six years after burial.

With such ideas before us, why has cremation not advanced in public estimation as we had hoped it would, as the only method of "burial" worthy the name? First, because of that public indifference whereof I have already written; and second, because of a positive and mistaken notion regarding the nature of cremation itself. I have met with people whose ideas of cremation were modelled on the pictorial representation they had seen of a Hindoo funeral pyre. Others spoke about "the blazing furnace" into which the body was cast. This is all sheer nonsense. There is no fire or blazing furnace. All is done so decently and in order that when the coffin is slid into the furnace and the door shut nothing more is seen. There is no fire to be witnessed, no horrible sight—all is infinitely more impressive than the bedraggled hideous procession to the grave, where a costly coffin, calculated to preserve the body for years from the earth, is pushed into a dirty hole and left. The idea of "God's Acre" is very pretty and very sentimental, with its grassy mounds, its wreaths, and its remembrances of the dead; but sentiment must surely stop at the surface. "The mind's eye," it is to be hoped, does not penetrate a few feet below the grass, where festering decomposition is the order not of one day, but of all days. No; cremation is the one solution of the burial question. We can have urn-burial of the ashes thereafter if we choose, and the cemetery of the future will be a beautiful garden where the urns will be deposited in some temple, and where the surroundings will suggest not mortality and decay, but incorruption and ever-reviving life. The time has come for the full and free recognition of cremation as the solution of the burial difficulty. It is for every thinking man and woman earnestly to proclaim a belief in the beneficent nature of the process, and to give his and her personal adherence to the movement by directing that when their time has come to cross the bar, their elements shall be made to mingle speedily and inoffensively with the Nature-Mother from whom they were derived.

Typhoid fever, as the Maidstone and other epidemics have proved anew to us, is usually propagated by means of polluted water. There is, however, a possibility that vegetable produce watered with sewage may convey the disease, and certain interesting experiments have lately been made in Paris with the view of proving this point—one, I need hardly add, of extreme importance to mankind. In market gardens, vegetables are often watered with sewage directly. Dr. Reuslinger fed rabbits and rats on vegetable matter which had been duly infected with typhoid microbes. In the cases of these animals, typhoid symptoms were produced; while monkeys, our nearest neighbours in the animal series, have been similarly infected. It would appear that one condition for success in this investigation is that the animals should consume a large amount of the infected food. What is possible in animals may well be possible in man also. The health lesson we learn here is that of the careful washing of all vegetable produce, and I should say that this remark should apply with great force to lettuce and other plants used in the manufacture of salads, and eaten in an uncooked state.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H D'O BERNARD.—We have carefully considered your two-mover, but do not think it is equal to your previous contributions. The first move is terribly strong, and the discovered check resulting is a very hackneyed theme.

OTTO SCHMIDT (Berlin).—(1) Critics sometimes nod no less than editors, and it might be worth while to look twice at a problem which you think admits of a "ridiculously easy solution." In reply to 1. Q to Q B 5th, Black plays 1. P to K 4th, and will you please say how mate is given in two more moves? (2) The Editor is, in any case, old enough to set traps for the unwary.

C M A B.—Many thanks for your original and beautifully executed Christmas card.

W BIDDLE.—To hand, with thanks.

L DERANGES.—We are much obliged for your kind letter, and trust to hear better news in future.

R E BAKER (Chelmsford).—Your solutions are quite correct, and we are glad the problems have given you the pleasure you describe.

W W (Maida Hill).—There is a club called the Maida Vale Chess Club, but we are not quite sure of its present address.

E J SHARPE (Clapton).—If 1. K to Q 2nd, P to K 4th; 2. Q to B 8th, then Black replies with P to K 3rd, and no mate next move.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2789 and 2790 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 2795 from C M A B (Penang); of No. 2796 from Bruno Pereira (Bombay); of No. 2797 from Thomas E Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2798 from E Worthington (Montreal); of No. 2800 from F J Candy (Norwood); Marco Salem (Trieste); R H Brooks, and D Newton (Lisbon); of No. 2801 from L Desanges, H S Brandreth (Algiers), H Le Jeune, and W L McF (Williamsport, U.S.A.).

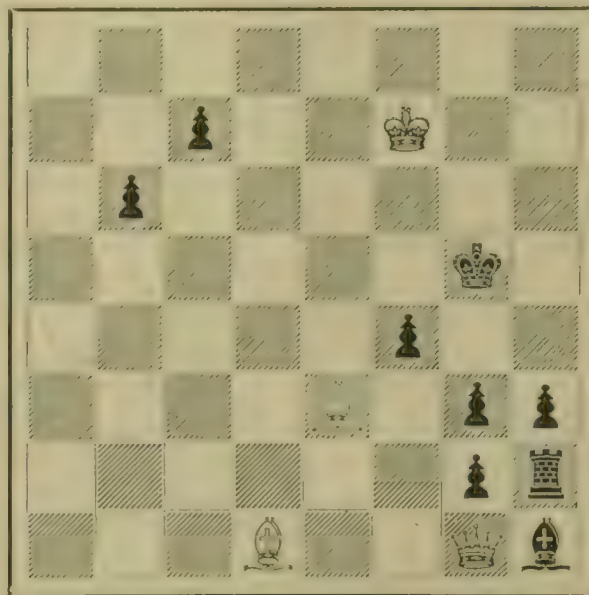
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2802 received from Joseph Willcock (Chester), R Wooters (Canterbury), J Bailey (Newark), L Desanges, F Hooper (Putney), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Captain Spencer, G Hawkins (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Thomas Harrington, M A Eyre (Folkestone), J G Lord (Castleton), C M A B, M Hobhouse, Edith Corser (Edgware), W R B (Clifton), T Roberts, Ubique, Shadforth, F J Candy (Norwood), Sorrento, Alpha, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), C E Peghini, J D Tucker (Ilkley), F B Ford (Cheltenham), T C D (Dublin), G Birnbach (Berlin), Captain J A Challice, C E H (Clifton), and J Lake Ralph.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2801.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 8th K moves
2. Kt to B sq Any move
3. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2804.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played at Riga between Messrs. C. BEHTING and S. MIKUTOWISCH. (Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. B to Q 2nd	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	A loss of time, but he cannot well allow Black's Kt to B 5th.	
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	15.	B to Q 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	15. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Kt to K Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th
6. P to Q 4th		A clever offer of a Pawn in order to open the game for a strong counter attack. White is almost forced to accept the offer, too.	
The variation here adopted seems to lead to an even game; but more interesting lines of play have been disclosed in some recent matches—notably, in the games Showalter v. Pillsbury.			
7.	B to K 2nd	17. Kt takes Kt	B P takes Kt
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	18. Q takes P	B to K B 4th
8. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B sq	19. Q to K 2nd	B to K Kt 5th
9. Castles	Kt to Kt 3rd	20. P to B 3rd	R takes Kt
10. B to K Kt 5th	Castles	The collapse is sudden and unexpected after this fine move.	
11. R to K sq	P to Q B 3rd	21. P takes R	Q to R 5th
12. Q to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	White resigns.	
13. B to Kt 3rd	P to K R 3rd		

CHESS BY TELEPHONE.

Game played in the match London v. Yorkshire, between Messrs. H. H. COLE and J. R. CLIFFORD. (French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Cole).	BLACK (Mr. Clifford).	WHITE (Mr. Cole).	BLACK (Mr. Clifford).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	14. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	B takes Kt, followed by Q takes P, was threatened; but the exchange opens White's attack too much.	
3. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th	15. P takes Kt	B to Kt 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 4th		16. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to R 4th
A pleasing variation from the usual monotone moves in this opening; but the early sacrifice of a Pawn will not be easily justified. Black is newly forced to make the capture, and this allows White to strengthen his centre.			
5.	P takes P	17. Q to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 5th
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd	B to Q B 3rd was safer than thus forcing the exchange at an immediate loss. The position, however, is not easy.	
6. B to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd	18. B takes Kt	P takes B
This is one of the weakest moves; but he wants to prevent Kt to Kt 5th.			
7. Castles	B to Q 2nd	19. Kt to Q 2nd	Castles (K R)
8. B to K 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	20. R to B 6th	K to Kt 2nd
9. Kt to R 4th	P to K Kt 4th	21. Q R to K B sq	Kt to Q B 3rd
10. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to B 2nd	22. Kt (R 3) takes P	B to Q sq
11. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to B 4th	23. R (B 6) to B 2nd	P to K B 4th
12. P takes P	B takes P	24. P tks P (en pass.)	B takes P
13. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q R 4th	25. Q to R 3rd	Q R to K sq
		26. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt
White has played admirably, and now it mattered very little, as Kt to K 5th would soon give White a win anyhow.			

At the Metropolitan Chess Club satisfactory progress has been made with the Championship and Handicap Tournaments. Messrs. O. C. Maller and R. P. Michell will enter the final from one section of the cup tourney, and in the other the leaders are Messrs. A. O'Neill, E. A. Shaw, and Herbert Jacobs.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, Rector of Hawarden, has written a letter to Archdeacon Thomas on the recent memorial to the Bishop of St. Asaph. He expresses his sympathy, and says how deeply he regrets that, apart from the correctness or otherwise of the important points raised in the memorial by so large a number of his brother clergy, the Bishop did not see his way to receive the document except at a public meeting. Mr. Gladstone says that he explained to the Bishop the day before the Wrexham meeting why he could not take any part in it, and expresses his hope that all that has happened may not do ultimate injury to a good understanding between the Bishop and the clergy. Otherwise all the memorialists say that they are prepared at the proper time fully to substantiate their case.

One of the early friends of Father Ignatius, the Rev. E. A. Hillyard, Vicar of Christ Church, Belper, died recently of heart disease. He was formerly in Norwich, where he countenanced Father Ignatius in his attempt to found a monastery there. Large sums of money have been spent on Christ Church, Belper, by the Strutt family.

Some members of the Evangelical party in the Church of England are troubled about the China Inland Mission. They complain that though nominally undenominational, the Mission is distinctly denominational in practice; that it ignores holy orders, urges re-baptism, gives authority to unordained men to administer Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and gives and withdraws authority to natives to administer these sacraments.

The Dean of Ripon recently opened a bazaar in the Ripon Congregational school-room, and said that he did not see why they should be hindered by the fact that they had different forms of worship.

Archdeacon Diggle, in an address on the Art of Reading, said that in order to learn to read well, people should go and hear others read badly. There was no dearth of opportunities for hearing persons read badly, especially on Sundays. Many of the clergy read badly—some very badly. The inferiority and poorness of clerical reading was fast growing to the dimensions of a public scandal. The Archdeacon discouraged the instruction of professional elocutionists. Their methods, he said, were commonly too dramatic and too artificial.

The Bishop of Durham says that the first serious work on social questions with which he is acquainted is Sir F. M. Eden's book, "The State of the Poor," which was published in London in 1797.

The Scotch Bishops have issued a declaration on the Athanasian Creed, saying that it makes no addition to the faith as contained in Holy Scripture, and does not pronounce judgment on any particular person or persons.

Much regret is expressed at the death of Canon Birley, of Hulme, one of the most devoted of parish priests. Canon Birley remained unmarried, and gave his means, his strength, his time, to work among his poor people, four or five hundred of whom gave up work to receive the Holy Communion before the removal from his beloved church. He built large schools for over eleven hundred children, and was a beneficent supporter of many institutions.—V.

GOLDEN KEY PRESENTED TO THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

The key presented to the Duchess of Fife at the opening of the New Technical School, Brighton, by her Royal Highness, is trefoil in shape, and is surmounted by the coronet of the Duchess. Inside, in the upper portion, is a vesica shape, within which are given, in proper colours, the arms of her Royal Highness, the motto being set forth on an enamelled ribbon at the sides. Below this is a shield with the arms of Brighton enamelled upon it, and between these sets of arms are various emblems of Art and Industry. The head is connected by an acanthus-leaf ornament to the stem, while its ward is formed of the letter "F." The key is the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company, of Regent Street.

However indefinite the patent laws of England may occasionally prove to be in the Law Courts, there is no falling-off in the numbers of the claimants for such privileges of protection as they afford. The applications for patents during 1897 reached the immense total of nearly 31,000, an increase of several hundreds on the figures of 1896, and of several thousands on those of 1895. Not all these applications eventually lead to the issue of patents—only about half of them did so in 1896, for example. Many are abandoned, no doubt, because they are found to have been anticipated, no preliminary inquiry as to novelty being officially entered upon when the application is received. Engineers are the greatest takers out of patents just at present. But some seven hundred applications were made in 1896 by women, and of these only 150 were connected with dress.

Another Jubilee echo is to be found in the report of Masonic benevolence for 1897, where we find that three Masonic charities received £1166 each as their third share of half the profits of the Diamond Jubilee meeting in the Albert Hall, another £3000 passing to the Prince of Wales's Jubilee Hospital Fund.

The cessation of the Maidstone plague had its most satisfactory expression in a number of thanksgiving services held last Sunday in all the churches and chapels. The Dean of Canterbury was the preacher in the afternoon at the parish church, at which thank-offerings were made, and will be devoted to the funds of Friendly Societies depleted by the long continuance of the typhoid epidemic.





1. Kosoko (Headman) and his Wife.

2. Gates of Ketu.

3. Camp at Dopeu.

4. Native Porter.

5. Market Women.

THE LAGOS-DAHOMY FRONTIER QUESTION: SCENES IN THE DISPUTED HINTERLAND DISTRICT.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The constructive ability of mode-makers is at the moment in that state of coma which perennially presages spring. Like the first snowdrop and the first primrose, while momentarily lying *perdu* they inevitably await resurrection when, the season being advanced and the sales well over, women's thoughts will once more lightly turn to fresh vagaries of fecund fashion. So far the weather has really been too erratic and unexpected for calm contemplation. A watery autumn demoralised our wardrobes to their extremest limits; but with winter well in view and having disposed of our unworn old clothes to appreciative poor relations, there really seemed a not unreasonable prospect of being able to wear what the fashion deities decreed in fur, feather, and furbelow. Here again, however, all one's prearranged fine effects went and go for little. A summer temperature and streaming streets make gorgeous externals of velvet and sable impossible and out of place, while the mental strain involved in attuning oneself as suitably as may be to this climatic key is very great indeed.

Here, all else notwithstanding, it but properly becomes me that I should draw attention to the sales, which more than ever this year, because of various causes, seem more attractively sacrificial than ever. Take Jay's, for instance, where only the smartest things for the smartest people are ordinarily sold. Their gowns, cloaks, furs, millinery, notwithstanding all inherent merits and expensiveness, are at the moment to be had at prices correspondingly regardless of consequences—and to women whose incomes lie exasperatingly behind their aspirations, this present exotic opportunity is one which should be availed of to the last *louis d'or*. Consider also Peter Robinson of our tried affections, who is at the present instant of time purveying all manner of feminine properties, from Louis Quinze shoes to diamond tiaras, at prices most alluringly disproportionate to their relative virtues. Again, both in Kensington High Street and New Bond of that ilk, Walpole Brothers hold forth inducements to replenish our dower-chests with their far-famed Irish linen at figures for which it could scarcely have been originally woven, even in that land of low wage.

As a smart and sensible outdoor winter frock, few will refuse kudos to this arrangement of "prioress blue" face-cloth, deftly braided with a black and silver cord, pouched with Lyons velvet in a deeper shade of sapphire, fastened



A CLOTH REDINGOTE.

with jewelled buttons of blue enamel and paste, and finally flanked with sable muff and collar. The hat, with its piquant peak in front, is very becoming; braided cloth, velvet, and a curled black osprey complete it as a component of the costume, to be artlessly alliterative. In green this altogether would be no less effective, and for the scarlet skating dress design which a correspondent asks for—"something up to the standard of a St. Moritz rink"—nothing could go better. At the same time, I may hint, as one who has been there before, that the exclusive set at St. Moritz (and its atmosphere can be very freezing to outsiders) does not dress. I wish it did. The gaiety of nations would not be diminished thereby. Newly rich who have lately visited the pleasant frozen fastnesses of the Engadine have tried the

effect of French frocks; but they do not take. And the county feeling is still sufficiently strong there to shy at Semitic millionaires or the tradesman newly arisen, like the Phoenix, from his shop. So, unless my fair applicant is sufficiently strong in her social generation to sport "scarlet frocks and silver skates" with impunity, I should advise her to be sober as a sparrow, for therein will lie her best chance of escaping the cold shoulder of the Kilm.

This cloth redingote is, apropos of travel, the newest and most comfortable covering for a railway journey. Loose about the waist—a first essential of ease—it is also smart, and in blue, karkee, or grey cloth, with velvet yoke to match, and sable or chinchilla collar revers and storm collar, will be found all that one's fancy can picture, or even more, which, generally speaking, is not the way of life with either frocks, friends, or forecasts.

In the matter of evening gowns, Dame Fashion, as she is spoke at present, still inclines much to the sequin-embroidered net skirt as an expression of her taste, and as this style is both modish and economical, girls will be well advised to possess themselves of one or two. At the sales these are to be picked up for the proverbial song, more or less, and a white net overdress, handsomely embroidered in silver sequins, furbishes up a half-worn white satin amazingly.

Blouses, always a question of burning import, are available also in extremely smart styles at the most absurdly inadequate prices. At Peter Robinson's, for example, charming little pale-blue, pink, or heliotrope accordion-pleated taffetas blouses are to be had during this sale for one guinea, and at the same modest figure *chic* little tucked and satin-trimmed bodices in velvet of various colours will be found a most useful purchase. So manifold are the uses of the blouse, in fact, that one can hardly possess too many, no matter how already well bestowed. For hotel or steamer *table-d'hôte*, the country-house visit, and a hundred other occasions where smartness and variety are first necessities of the situation, it makes a notably useful addendum to the wardrobe. Silk petticoats, which are also indispensable to our well-dressed needs nowadays, are "going—going" at most satisfactorily small figures, and I have seen some flounced beyond the knee, and elaborately be-laced besides, for an unpretending thirty-five shillings. Of course they can be had for less, but it is only vexation of spirit to invest in very cheap silks. They wear neither well nor long, and are on that account but extravagant economy. A well-known firm of dyers and cleaners lately sent printed notices to the feminine public at large, explaining that cheap stiff silks were so largely weighted in their manufacture with chemicals that the very action of sun and air was sufficient to crack and split these cheap showy fabrics without even a week's wear, while, as applied to them, the dyers and cleaners' useful services were absolutely out of the question. The gentle art of breakfasting in comfort as well as comeliness may be realised also in the purchase of a smart *matinée*, girdled, wateau-backed, and frilled with white accordion-pleated cambric, which Peter Robinson offers at one guinea in sale time. It is to be had in all the pretty pale tones of colour, and is the very thing for girls who, in living up to the fashions, are also constrained by the parental exigencies to live down to their allowances. SYBIL.

NOTES.

Perhaps the Blue Riband of the educational world among women is the headship of Holloway College, which institution has the most costly building and the largest endowment that appertains to the education of girls in this country. This appointment has just been conferred upon the lady who for some time past has been the head of the well-known Bedford College, Miss Emily Penrose. She is an Oxford woman, having been a student of Somerville Hall, which she left with a travelling scholarship that enabled her to spend some time in France, Germany, and Italy, studying in each country both the language and archaeology in the museums. Her father was the first director of the British Archaeological Museum at Athens, and Miss Penrose resided there with him for some time while he was overseeing the excavations at Mount Olympus. Archaeology is her favourite subject, but she is also a Professor of Greek. No more suitable appointment could have been made, and it is to be hoped that under her experienced and wise care Holloway College will take a forward step and become more useful than it hitherto has been. It suffers, of course, by being far away from any other place of higher education, so that its professors have to depend upon it alone both for an income and for that intellectual society which is to be had so abundantly by the teachers at the more favourably situated Newnham and Girton.

A notable feature in the education world is the continuous and great increase in women teachers in the elementary schools. This is not due exclusively to the superior fitness of women as teachers, but partly because they are much less well paid than men, and thus are cheaper to the employers, and partly because, notwithstanding that fact, it is extremely difficult to get an adequate supply of boy pupil-teachers. It is not quite clear why this is so, as the payment of assistant teachers compares favourably with that of men of equal acquirements in many overstocked employments; but the fact remains that most large Boards find it very difficult to get enough young male teachers, and accordingly a good many managers are beginning to employ female teachers for the lower standards in boys' schools, while the two departments of girls and infants are both entirely staffed by women. In the United States, women have almost a monopoly of teaching, taking charge in the more wild and scattered districts, very often, of the boys' education throughout their school course as well as that of girls, co-education of the sexes being usual.

Those pseudo-philanthropists whose one idea of helping working women is to forbid them by law to follow their occupations, or to work at the times which they themselves find to be most convenient and profitable for them, will be interested to hear that a law of that

character which exists in France has deprived the women compositors on the new ladies' daily paper of their work. I mentioned last week that the proprietor of *La Fronde* had voluntarily raised the wages of her women compositors from the five francs which they asked to the eight francs which is the common rate of wages for men compositors in France. The sequel to this gleam of prosperity is that a law forbidding women to work at night has been put in force, and Madame Durand has been compelled to dismiss her entire female printing staff, inasmuch as a daily paper must of necessity be set up during the hours in which the law makes it illegal for women to work.

An energetic effort is being put forth by this same class of philanthropists in this country to induce the Home Secretary to bring in a Bill which would prohibit women



A SMART WINTER FROCK.

from working for wages at their own homes. The indirect means by which the agitators hope to achieve this end is to make every person who gives out work responsible for the condition of the rooms in which, and the hours during which, it is done. As it obviously is impossible for small employers to keep inspectors going about to supervise the homes of their workpeople, it is confidently anticipated that the result of such a law would be that they would refuse to give out work, and would, instead, be compelled to found factories which could be under Government supervision. In the interests of the poorest class, in my judgment, any such new laws should be strongly opposed. There are very large classes of women to whom nothing but homework is possible, and who, if prevented from working thus, would be reduced to absolute starvation. Those who have themselves delicate health, requiring frequent, if brief, intervals of rest; widows or deserted wives, who have large families of little children to support and also to look after, or those whose husbands are invalids; daughters who have a sick mother to take care of all day, and many other classes, would be cruelly injured if such prohibition became the law. In thousands of poor men's homes, too, such attention, oversight, and domestic labour as the mother contrives to give to her young family at intervals, while pursuing some wage-earning occupation in her own poor room, is of the greatest advantage, and such motherly oversight could not be withdrawn without causing much mischief.

Though Christmas Day is over, the present season-giving lasts at any rate till the children go back to school, and it will be a sure and certain success if the form of the gift be one of the capital boxes of chocolate put up by Messrs. Cadbury for the purpose. In these the luscious delights of the interior are hard put to it to compete with the taste and elegance of the exterior; dainty boxes, large or small, tied round with delicate ribbon of contrasting tone, make the gift at once acceptable by their merits alone. The chocolates inside are by no means monotonous; the variety of flavours is infinite: chocolate pralines, ginger surrounded by chocolate, nougat, creams, and an endless variety of other sorts of dainties are to be had, all enclosed by the ever-welcome and excellent chocolate that we associate with the name of Cadbury. The breakfast beverage that is made from this firm's preparation of cocoa is admirable, perfectly pure, and produced under the best sanitary conditions. The village near Birmingham that the firm have erected for the purpose of their works, and the girls' schools, club, and home that are a portion of it, are sights of the neighbourhood, and an excellent testimony to the purity of the manufacture, the labourers in which are so carefully looked after in this most practical way of "profit-sharing." F. F.-M.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Mr. Alfred Nobel, of 59, Avenue Malakoff, Paris, and Villa Nobel, San Remo, who died on Dec. 10, 1896, has just been proved in London, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £434,093. The deceased was also possessed of very considerable property in other countries. The testator, after giving many legacies to relatives, servants, and others, leaves the whole of the residue of his property to form a fund, the interest of which is to be divided annually into five equal parts, one each to be given as a prize to him who has made the most important discovery or invention in the department of natural philosophy, the most important discovery or improvement in chemistry, the most important discovery within the department of physiology or medicine, the most excellent work in an idealistic direction in literature, and who has worked most or best for the fraternisation of the nations for the abolition or diminution of standing armies and for the promotion and propagation of peace. The most worthy competitor is to receive the prize in each division without regard to his nationality.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1869), with a codicil (dated Oct. 15, 1897), of Mr. Thomas Blades Grove, J.P., of Watercroft, Penn. Bucks, and 6, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, who died on Nov. 9, has been proved by Sir George Grove, the brother, and Julius Charles Grove and Arthur Stanley Grove, the nephews, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £150,001. The testator settles his Buckinghamshire property on his brother Sir George Grove, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, in tail male, and he bequeaths £5000, to be invested, the income to be paid to the tenant, for life, of the said property. There are some legacies to servants, and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one seventh each to his brothers, Sir George Grove and Edmund Grove; one seventh to the children of his sister Mrs. Harrison; one seventh to the children of his sister Mrs. Bennett; and one seventh each, upon trust, for his sisters, Eleanor Grove, Eliza Grove, and Anne Wilkes, for their respective lives, and then for the three sons of Sir George Grove.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1893), with a codicil (dated July 13, 1893), of Mr. Richard Benjamin Kemp, of 18, Camden Square, N.W., who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Dec. 15 by Edward Lee Rowcliffe and Thomas Rawle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £70,784. The testator gives £500 each to the St. Pancras Almshouses and the St. Pancras Female Orphan Asylum and Charity Schools; £100 to Mrs. Shoolbred, of Lancaster Gate; £500 to Barbara Johnson; £200 each to his executors; £200 each to Walter Simms and George Huntley Read; £100, an annuity of £360, his plate and jewels, and £3000, upon trust, for Mrs. Louisa Jane Dandy for life, and then as she shall appoint; and many small legacies and specific gifts to relatives, friends, and servants. His niece, Martha Elizabeth Thacker Kemp, is

to have the use of 18, Camden Square during such time as she shall make it her principal place of abode, and £360 per annum is to be held upon trust for her. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his nephews and nieces, Emily Kemp Dunn, Mary Elizabeth Mitchison, Stephen Redman Fuller, Enriquette Fuller, Burnett Fuller, and John Kelsey Fuller.

The will and codicil (both dated July 31, 1872) of Mr. James Heywood, F.R.S., J.P., D.L., M.P. for North Lancashire 1847-57, of 26, Kensington Palace Gardens, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Dec. 23 by Thomas Heywood and Benjamin Arthur Heywood, the nephews, the value of the personal estate amounting to £60,761. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the London Nonconformist Committee (Serjeant's Inn) and the British and Foreign Unitarian Association; £500 each to Manchester New College (London), University Hall (Gordon Square), the Statistical Society, and the National Sunday League; £200 each to University College (London), Girton College (near Cambridge), and the New England Company (Furnival's Inn); £6000, upon trust, for his step-daughter Mary Olga de Gonzenbach, if he has not set apart that sum for her in his lifetime; and many legacies to relatives, friends, and others. All the legacies are bequeathed free of duty. In consequence of the death of testator's daughter and only child, Anne Sophia, in his lifetime without having been married, all the gifts to her lapse, and the residue of his personal estate becomes divisible among his next of kin according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects; and his real estate passes to his heir-at-law.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1891) of Mr. Joseph William Dunning, of 4, Talbot Square, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Dec. 24 by Mrs. Kate Marie Esther Dunning, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate being £45,991. The testator gives and devises all his real and personal estate to his wife and his son, William Dunning, in joint tenancy.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1895), with a codicil (dated May 13, 1897), of Mrs. Alicia Ellen Renton, of 11, Queen's Gardens, West Brighton, and formerly of 39, Park Lane, who died in Switzerland on Sept. 18, has been proved by William Gordon Renton and James Hall Renton, the sons, and Henry Robson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £28,633. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund; £500 to the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road); £200 to the Consumption Hospital (Brompton); and £100 each to the Hospital for Convalescent Children (Highgate), the Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children (Dyke Road, Brighton), St. John's Hospital (Leicester Square), and the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin (Stamford Street). She also gives £1000 each to her grandsons Harold and Stanley Carrington; £300 to Mrs. Yeoman, £100 to Dr. Kerans, of Cleveland Square, specific gifts of furniture, pictures, jewels, and household effects to her children, and legacies

and annuities to servants. The residue of her real and personal estate, including the property under her marriage settlement, over which she has a power of appointment, she leaves to her four sons, William Gordon Renton, James Hall Renton, Alexander Leslie Renton, and Arthur Henry Renton, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1868), of Mr. John Bagnold Burgess, R.A., of 60, Finchley Road, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Dec. 23 by Mrs. Sophia Burgess, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £24,560. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 1, 1896) of the Right Hon. John Strange, Earl of Roden, of 27, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and Tullymore Park, County Down, who died on July 3, has just been proved by the Right Hon. Sophia, Countess of Roden, the widow, and Lady Violet Beauchamp, the daughter, the executrices, the value of the personal estate being £19,136. The testator bequeaths the portrait of his ancestor, Robert Viscount Jocelyn, for some time Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, to the Benchers of the King's Inn, Dublin; £200 to his daughter, Lady Violet Beauchamp; his furniture, plate, jewels, etc., to his wife; and legacies to his valet, coachman, groom, and woodranger. He charges the family estates in Down and Louth, with the payment of an annuity of £200 to his daughter, Lady Violet Beauchamp. He gives and devises his Hyde Hall and Essex Estates, including the Manor of Great Roothing and the right of presentation to the living of Great Roothing, and the residue of his property to his wife. The late Earl declares that the benefits given to Lady Roden by his will are to be in addition and not in substitution of her jointure.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1895) of Captain Arthur William Cotton, Grenadier Guards, of Forest Mere, Liphook, son of the late Lord Justice Cotton, who died of fever at Beira on Oct. 25, was proved on Dec. 21 by Alfred Ernest Cotton, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £16,453. The testator bequeaths £25 to his godchild, Cecily Acland; £100 to his friend Francis Lyell Fryer, of the Grenadier Guards, and there are gifts to his sisters. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Alfred Ernest Cotton, and he desires him to give mementoes to his other brother, his sisters, and his best friends, men and women.

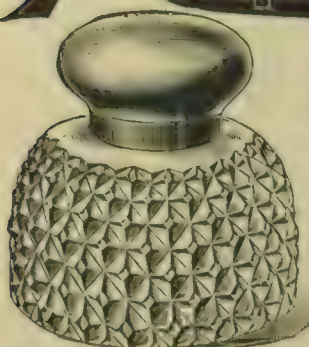
The will of Mr. Charles Ratsey, of West Cowes, Isle of Wight, the well-known sailmaker of Cowes, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Dec. 20 by George Rogers Ratsey and Thomas White Ratsey, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £14,791. The testator gives £500 each, upon trust, for his grandchildren, Charles William and Susie Dorothy, the children of his deceased son Charles, and he devises No. 82, High Street, West Cowes, upon trust, for his daughters, Eliza and Mary Peake Ratsey. The residue of his property he leaves as to one sixth each to his children, George Rogers, Thomas White,

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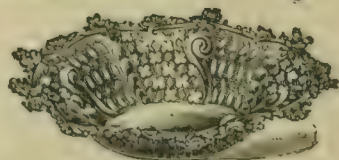
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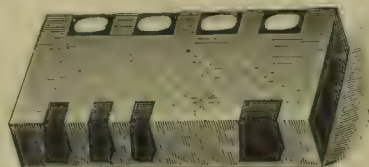
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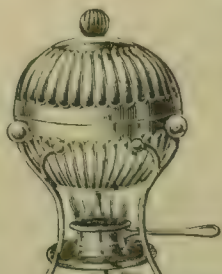
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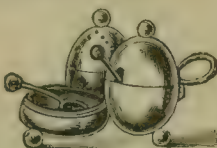
Mullin-Dish in Prince's Plate, with Hot-water part, £1 15s. In Sterling Silver, £9.



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Fluted Egg-Steamer, with Spirit Lamp complete, Prince's Plate, £1 12s. Sterling Silver, £7 7s.



Breakfast Cruet, complete, with Spoons. Prince's Plate, 16s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 5s.



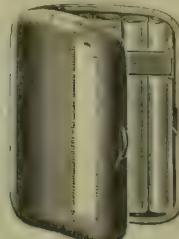
Sterling Silver Tea-Caddy, with Richly Ornamented Panels, 5 in. high; body, 3 in. square. £4 15s.



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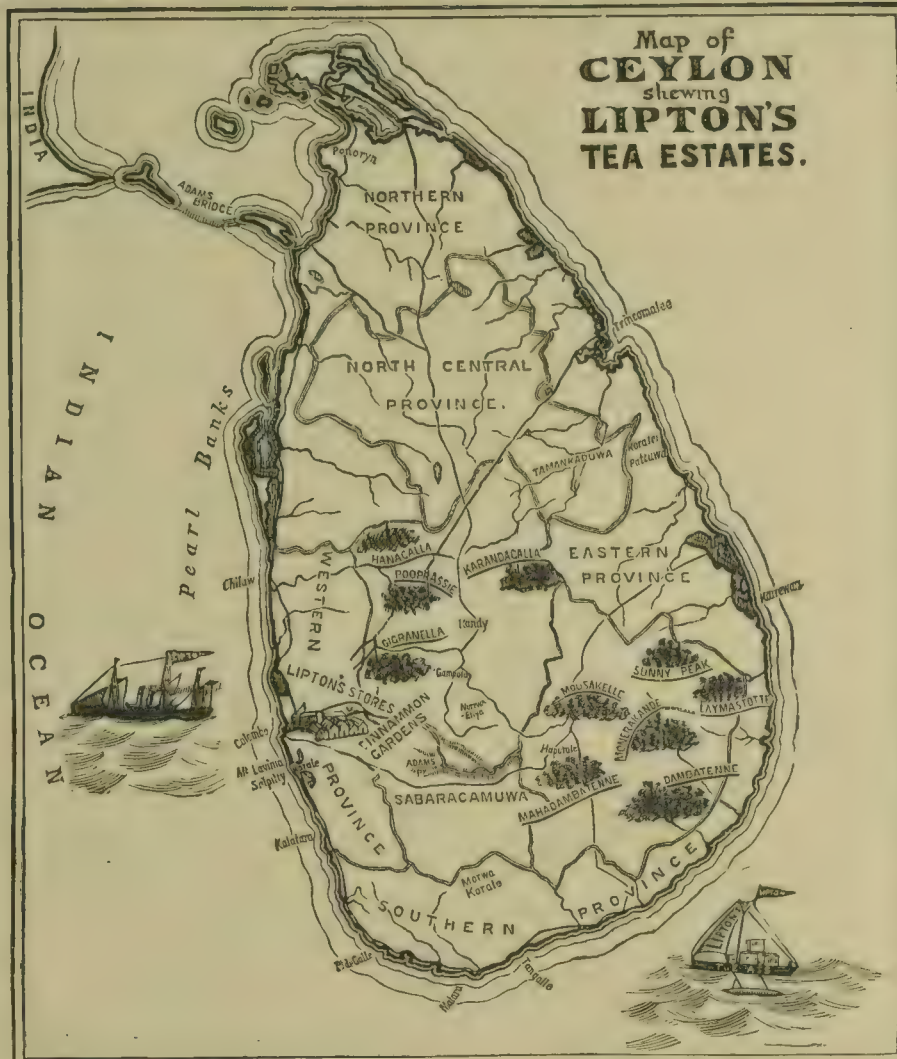
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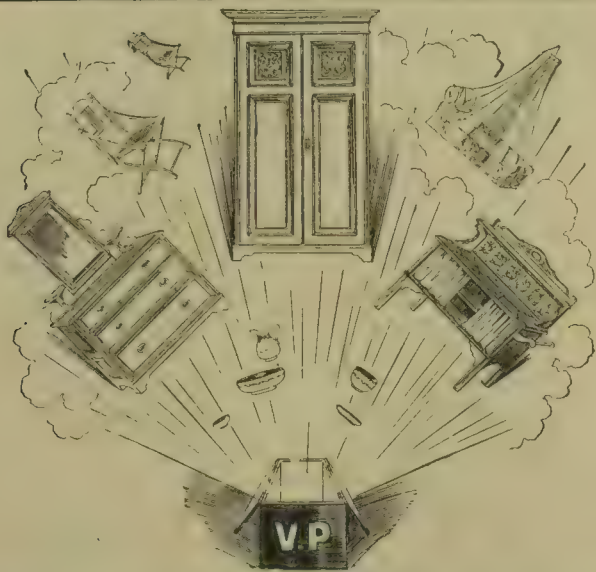
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Eliza, and Mary Peake; one sixth, upon trust, for his son Harry, and one sixth, upon trust, for his daughter, Susanna Elizabeth Peake White. Certain sums given to his children are to be brought into account upon the distribution of his residuary estate.

The will and codicil of Mr. Joseph O'Neill Power, J.P., D.L., of Power Hall, Snow Hill, Kilkenny, who died on Sept. 2, were proved in London on Dec. 13 by Mrs. Marguerita O'Neill Power, the widow, and Charles Edward Henry, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4777.

The will of Dame Selina Rennie, of 2, Chester Square, widow, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on Dec. 20 by Thomas Somers Vernon Cocks and Sir Richard Temple Rennie, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5190.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The painful prominence into which the Millais family has recently been brought by repeated calamities would have aroused interest in the late President's work had need existed for such a stimulus. But Millais' painting was so many-sided, his talents so versatile, and his power of expression so various that there was little danger of his losing his hold upon a wide public. In the interval which has elapsed since his death, we have had time to realise the debt which English painting of the past half-century owes to him. The exhibition of nearly two

hundred and fifty of his works—brought together at Burlington House—will confirm this feeling, while at the same time it will impress upon the mind the laboriousness of a painter's life. Eleven years ago an exhibition of Sir John Millais' works was held at the Grosvenor Gallery, at which upwards of one hundred and fifty of his pictures were brought together; and it is by comparing the contents of the two exhibitions—for there were many pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery which are not found at Burlington House—that one can get some idea of the vast amount of work the late President produced.

The present exhibition is hung wholly with a view to pictorial effect, regardless of chronological order, and to the casual visitor this arrangement has its recommendation. "When the heart leaps out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of trouble," and this truism is abundantly impressed upon one's mind in walking through the rooms. Perhaps the next feeling that arises is regret that the Committee of Selection did not exercise greater restraint upon themselves before inviting owners to lend pictures which, however excellent, mark no special period or phase of Millais' art, but are, rather, repetitions of a theme sometimes too thin to support merely dexterous variations.

What Millais' art was and how it grew needs no repeating. The history, as recorded on these walls, is all that concerns us here, and we can trace it from his boyish work, "Cupid Crowned with Flowers," painted in 1841, when he was only twelve years old, down to the "Fore-runner," which appeared in the Academy Exhibition of

1896, when age and suffering had shorn him of his full powers. As to the exact moment when their zenith was touched, opinions will differ, but there can be little dispute over the fact that in proportion as he receded from his Pre-Raphaelite days, the dramatic power of his work declined. Between "Lorenzo and Isabella" to "St. Agnes' Eve" there was an interval of barely thirteen years; yet few will deny that in that period Millais had developed almost everything that was best in him. Subsequently he may have acquired greater deftness of hand—a more sweeping brush, and a facility for painting landscapes and likenesses; but the works of the last thirty years of his life which fire the imagination or awake enthusiasm are few and far between. There were doubtless many notable exceptions, especially among his portraits, such as those of the Earl of Shaftesbury, John Bright, Tennyson, and Mr. Gladstone, while such works as "Esther" (35), "The Gambler's Wife" (54), "The North-West Passage" (129), and "The Yeoman of the Guard" (109), show that behind the merely fashionable and popular painter there lay an artistic power which at times would assert itself. There are no backward steps in art any more than in life, and we shall not see Pre-Raphaelitism revived; but one cannot look at such works as "The Carpenter's Shop" (57), "The Woodman's Daughter" (33), "The Huguenot" (61), with the series of which it was the prelude, or, again, "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" and "The Vale of Rest" (9), without recognising the debt which English art owes to the Brotherhood, of which Millais was by turn the most gifted apostle and apostate.

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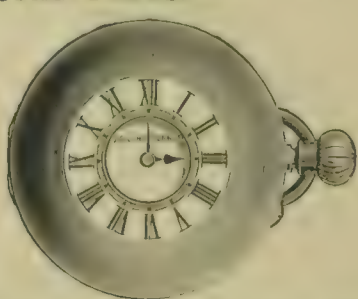


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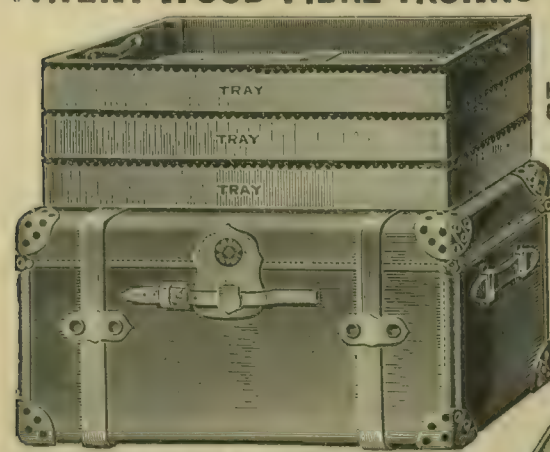
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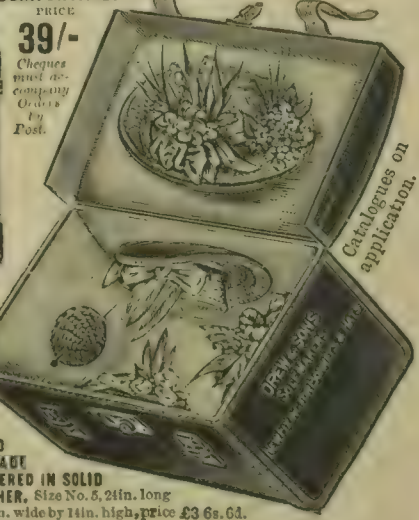
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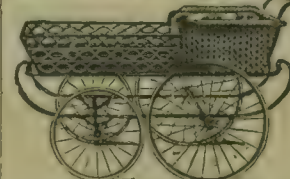
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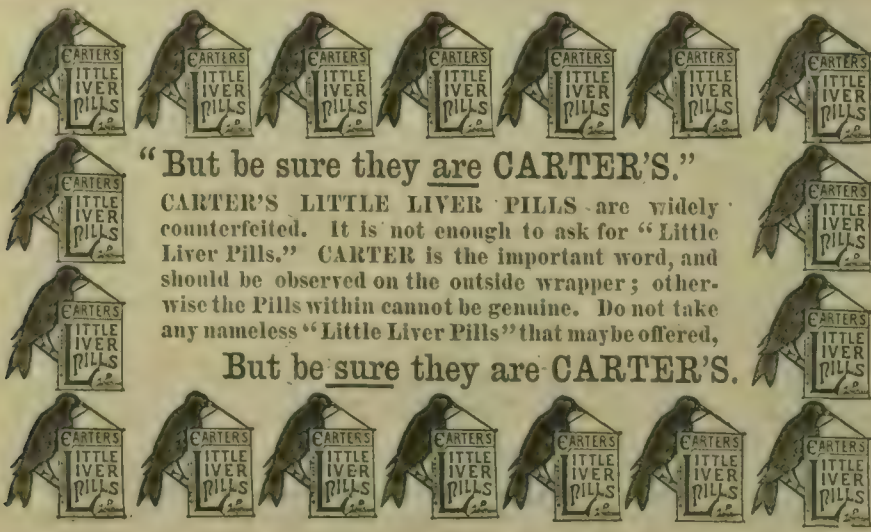


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BETWEEN THE WOODS AND THE RIVER.

The old garden is not far distant from the waste. The home fields lie between the thick shrubberies and the lodge-privet-hedge; beyond are the neglected fallows, where, beneath the branches of a great horse-chestnut, a noisy brook flows round the bend and down over an old wall, forming a little cataract divided into two streams that play over the stones, plashing out in fan-like spray, now in shadow, then in light, as the declining sun peeps across the openings between the leaves and glances through the thin edges of the glistening foam, leaving the moss-grown hollows among the green stones unnoticed and in darkness. At the foot of the fountain, on the margin of the river into which the two streams fall, is a thick undergrowth of reeds and tall, coarse grasses, with here and there a willow or hazel peeping over the sheaths of the rank herbage.

A ceaseless chatter of birds comes from those leafy screens—warblers, finches, blackbirds, and yellowhammers fly down to the pool from the hedges and the garden. A thrush hops about the grass, busily searching for worms, and a yellow wagtail flits along the brook and runs in and out through the ripples, occasionally dashing off into the sunlight for an instant in pursuit of an ephemeral it sees wandering over the water.

Gaudy wasps, silent and diligent, hover among the low bushes, stirring the grass-blades and bending the leaves as they pause to rest upon them for an instant; and a dragonfly (*depressum*), whose wings scintillate and rattle in its flight, passes and returns to the withered spray of a broken bramble. On the path at the top of the wall a robin

suddenly appears, its head turned knowingly on one side the better to view the land, then snatches up an insect which the thrush has left behind, and with a flick of its wings is back again to its nest in the bank that was once a hedge.

Gnats swarm above the frail branches of the hazel saplings, circling with apparently aimless activity through the mazes of their unceasing dance, now at the height of the arching branches of the spruce, and then scarcely a foot from the grasses. Sometimes their ranks are broken for a moment by the steady rush of a larger ephemeral that rises into the blue on transparent wings from the stones at the edge of the pool.

What delicate things are these water-flies—creatures of a day, compared with whose little span of life the water-snail's existence of six years' duration is an eternity—with imitations of which the fisherman beguiles the trout—yellow sally, iron blue, red spinner, golden and pale evening duns. Their wings are nicely rounded in most perfect curves, each alternate extremity tapering to a neat point, so that the ideal of delicacy and regularity is exemplified.

During a recent year, wasps were as numerous as "bluebottles" in this neighbourhood. Their nests, built of thin, paper-like wafers of grey wood-pulp, cemented together (the insects having cut the pulp from the rails and posts in the clearings), hung from the briars among the brake-ferns in every opening. There were three colonies in the thicket between the cattle-path and the wood. Almost every June day saw me here, watching the gambols of the silver-washed fritillary and the comma. Should I

happen to miss my stroke, the latter insect invariably flew up over the willows which fringed the broad river to the meadow adjoining old Watty's rose-garden. Among the nettles and brambles of the hedgerow the fulvous, bright-coloured wings of the comma butterfly were generally to be seen hovering near the dog-roses which hid the rough stile at the bottom of the fence.

Here, again, within and outside the glade, were several other wasps' nests; yet the insects, though I could not have failed to disturb them, evidently grew accustomed to my presence, for beyond a scarcely audible bizz, as the swift sentinels came out to reconnoitre, I never detected the signs of an attack.

Watty's cottage, with thatched roof and wide, square chimney, stands at the entrance to the broad pathway which leads to the orchards between the north side of the big house and the river. The great woods tower above the roof, a lofty chestnut sheltering the thatch. The smoke from the basket-like grate in the middle of the kitchen curls up to the roof-tree and through the chimney, then circles higher and higher, showing blue and trembling among the branches above.

In May the lodge-garden is a vision of apple-blossoms. Any day in June, if you peep through the thick-set privet-hedge you will look upon thousands of roses. The air is heavily laden with their scent: the perfume steals over the waving fields beyond, whither the petals from the full-blown flowers are presently carried by the south-west wind, to fall gently upon the mowing-grass.

Old Watty sits watching the roses opening and falling away, and almost murmurs a wish that the seasons would



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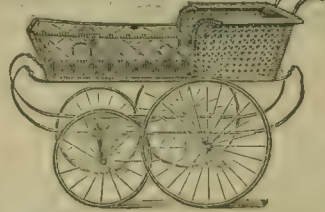


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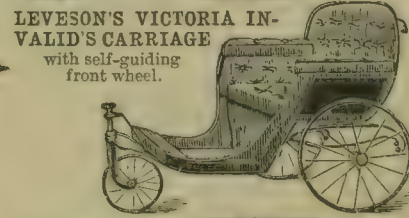
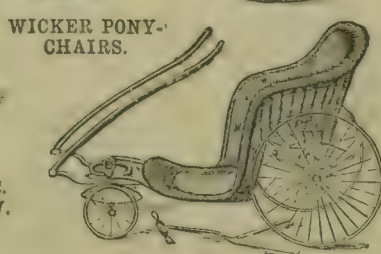
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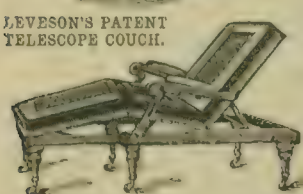
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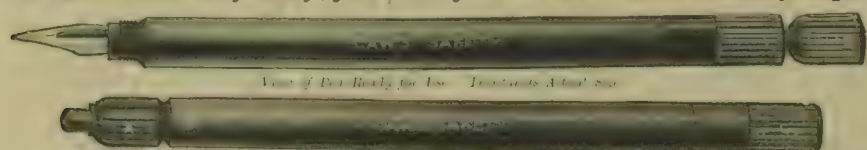
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withhold their signs—of flower growing into seed-pod, of green leaf putting on a hue of russet, of acorn falling from the oak, of summer hurrying towards the chill embrace of winter, of life going sadly down towards the lone valley of the shadow of death. The old gardener has become pensive. Dim-eyed, he cannot now shoot a jay on the wing as it passes over the home orchard above the copse. He must take them all as they sit—whether rabbit, carrion crow, magpie, or jay. Instead of coming up to my study for a glass of whisky and an hour's mending of fishing-tackle, he now spends the long evenings indoors or out in the garden; while his daughter, whose brow is getting wrinkled almost like his own, reads aloud to him a few stanzas of the Celtic translation of Gray's "Elegy." The Cymric traits are strong in the time-stricken gardener; pessimism will declare itself, and the second childhood of old age is nursed by a sad, imperturbable, and unhealthy foster-parent. Watty's rose-garden, strewn with the petals of every month's flowers, and, later on, with the sere autumn leaves, is a strange comforter at the end of eighty years.

His grandson has long ago taken his place in all but name as gamekeeper, gardener, and farm-bailiff. Old Watty, however, must still take an interest in the surrounding affairs; so he marks the hawks' nests, watches for the pheasants' eggs with the help of his grandson's setter, superintends the broody hens that are requisitioned as

foster-parents for the game-bird's fledglings, and determines when the hay should be out or the corn-patch garnered.

It is all a work of love, and the outcome of no necessity. Old age has already laid up its little store, but the hoard is never drawn upon, for every trifling labour is mysteriously repaid, so that the grey yarn stocking which serves for a purse and is safely stored away in the far corner of the dresser, rather increases than diminishes in weight. He has lived here for eighty long years, watering the flowers, training the jessamine, pruning the shrubs, and gathering the fruit.

For here, to both of us, between woods and river, is a place called "Gartref" (home). Long before my life began it was the same as it is now—the big trees, the tangled coverts, the mowing-grass, the corn-fields, old Watty's rose-garden, and, sloping down to where the river is deep and still, the fallow waste beyond. A. W. R.

Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, an excellent presentment of an excellent subject, exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition last spring, has already been reproduced in our columns. The business talent which has created the largest catering firm in the world, and the kind-heartedness which has devoted to charity some portion of its profits, are now fitly recognised

by the bestowal of a knighthood on the man whose "getting and spending," if fully recorded, would go to make up a fascinating chapter in the history of fortune-making and philanthropy.

Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., who appeared at the Academy Private View with his working-arm in a sling, is only temporarily incapacitated from the use of his paint-brushes.

Mr. Gladstone wishes to express, through the newspapers, "his deep appreciation" of all the messages of congratulation that reached him on his birthday last week. He cannot write to each friend or public body individually; but he has sent Mrs. Mulhall a letter, all the same, as to her Dante researches in the Vatican Library. Dante's knowledge of Bede makes, in Mr. Gladstone's view, for the theory that the author of the "Divine Comedy" visited England and received his first idea of the poem from the legend of the Irish Saint Fursey.

An American boy at Eton, the son of Mr. W. W. Astor, "is practically lord and master of Queen Victoria's favourite grandson." The authority for the statement is the *New York Herald*, which announces that Prince Arthur, son of the Duke of Connaught, is young Astor's fag: "A fag in an English school is little more than a slave," remarks the American paper with a serenity which we need not attempt to disturb.

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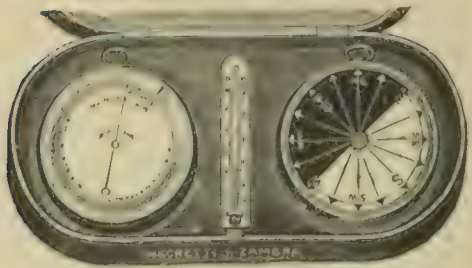
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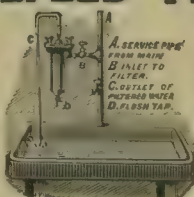
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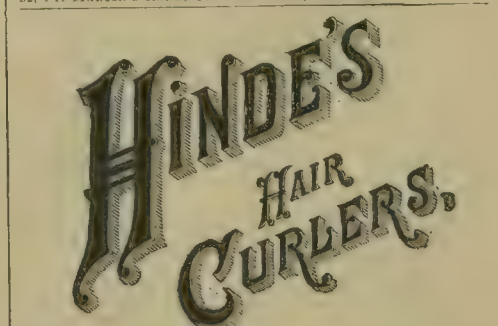
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The Chinese Crisis.

The scramble for the ports of Northern China goes on apace, and the plot of the political situation in the Far East thickens day by day. Germany remains in possession of the valuable Yellow Sea port of Kiao-Chau, opposite Corea, and some adjacent territory in the province of Shantung, and two more German war-ships have sailed for Chinese waters under the command of Prince Henry of Prussia, who was sped on his voyage from Kiel by the German Emperor, in a high-flown speech entrusting him with "the transmarine mission" of the German

or divided command of the Gulf of Pechili must, before long, deal a severe blow to British interests in Northern China, even if Russia or Germany were likely to remain content with their newly found ports. That neither Power would remain so content is sufficiently attested by the influences which each has already brought to bear upon the Chinese Government. It is clear that any move on the part of Russia, Germany, or either of the other Great Powers which threatens a redistribution of naval strength in the Far East must be strongly checked by England—how strongly remains to be



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR CLAUDE M. MACDONALD, K.C.M.G.,
BRITISH ENVOY AND MINISTER AT PEKING.



Photo Maull and Fox.

ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, K.C.B.,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE CHINA STATION.

announces its resolution to retain, by definite arrangement with China, the territory which it has occupied around Kiao-Chau, in the interests of German commerce, unless another port and coaling-station of equally desirable position is substituted for Kiao-Chau; but although China does not seem able or, indeed, anxious to resist the claims of Germany, her Government evidently desires to give far more favourable terms to Russia. A Russian loan, the details of which have yet to be arranged, is apparently to work wonders in Russian interests, while negotiations for a British loan are again in the air. Russian drill-instructors are to replace the military experts lately provided by the Kaiser; Russian rifles are to be placed at the disposal of the Government on terms of deferred payment; and British engineers are to be superseded by Russians on the Chinese railways. Over the last condition the Chinese Government not unnaturally demurs.

In view of the fact that Great Britain commands some four-fifths of China's total commerce, it is, of course, of the utmost importance that the balance of European power in the Chinese Empire shall undergo no material change. The establishment of Russia and Germany in either united



Photo Elliott and Fry.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER BULLER, K.C.B.,
RETIRING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE CHINA STATION.

seen. Our Illustrations include the majority of the vessels forming the China Squadron, which will, at any rate, put in to winter quarters at some port not far from those now occupied by Russia and Germany, even though no more active service be required of it for the present. The exact destination of the British fleet is not at present known. Talien-Wan, of which we give two Illustrations, a port on the bay between the Gulf of Liantung and the Yellow Sea, is said to have been chosen for the temporary headquarters of the squadron, but the report is unconfirmed.



Photo Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

H.M.S. CENTURION, BRITISH FLAG-SHIP ON THE CHINA STATION.

Empire, whatever that may be. By what is now proved to have been a tacit understanding with Germany, Russia has followed suit and occupied Port Arthur, a strong naval position on the promontory of the Manchurian Peninsula, commanding the Gulf of Pechili, with the maritime approach to Tientsin and Peking. In common with Germany, moreover, Russia has not been merely content with establishing a fleet in convenient winter quarters on the Chinese coast, but has since secured the more northerly port of Kin-Chau, on the other side of the peninsula. The German Government

For Children as well as Others.

I don't know that anybody can tell all the reasons why children thrive so well on Scott's Emulsion. Authorities seem to differ about it. Some emphasise the importance of the Hypophosphites it contains, while others lay great stress upon the easy form of cod-liver oil. For myself I believe it is both, and perhaps the highest authorities support this belief.

At any rate, the fact is that children gain flesh, strength, colour and vitality on Scott's Emulsion when heretofore they have been delicate, lifeless, thin and weak in spite of everything done for them. It seems like watering a sun-dried plant.

After all, Scott's Emulsion is little more than an easily absorbed form of nourishment. In itself it is the most effectual of all forms of food, but this would be of small value if it were not so perfectly prepared that it is absorbed in a natural manner without digestive effort.

Many children do not digest and absorb their food. If they did there would be no need of Scott's Emulsion. But give these delicate children—even little babies—Scott's Emulsion, and they soon pick up and regain perfect health.

And Scott's Emulsion is so sweet to the taste that children look upon it as a sweetmeat. It is the best way to take that wonderful product of Norway, cod-liver oil, combined with Hypophosphites. Anybody whose system is not getting enough nourishment out of its food will find Scott's Emulsion a great benefit to health.

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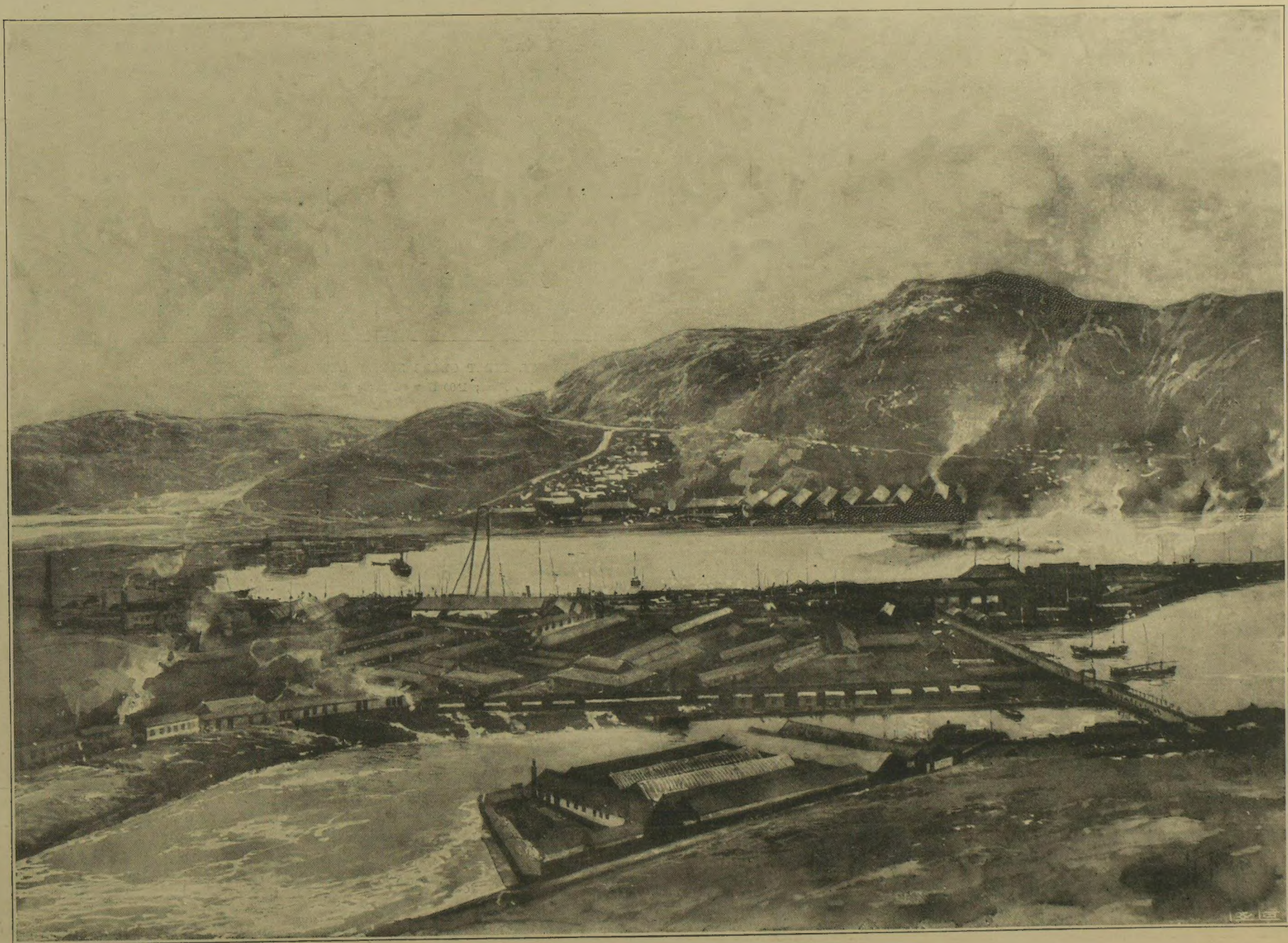
Prepared by
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*"My Brother
Smokes
OGDEN'S*

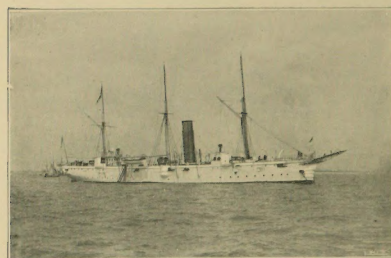
**GUINEA-GOLD
CIGARETTES.**



PORT ARTHUR, OCCUPIED BY THE RUSSIAN FLEET: VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM THE WEST.



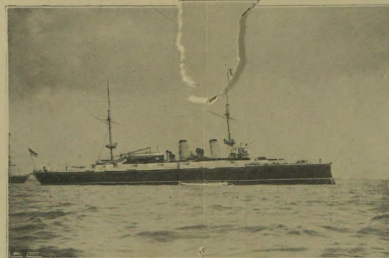
DOCK AT PORT ARTHUR.



ARCHER, THIRD CLASS TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.
1770 Tons; 3500 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



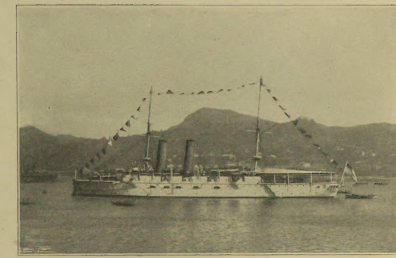
GRAPTON, FIRST CLASS TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.
7300 Tons; 12,000 Horse Power; 12 Guns.



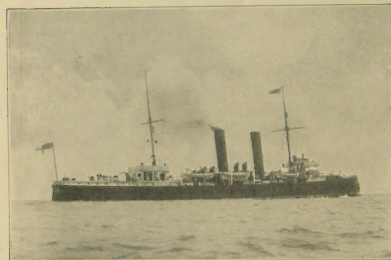
IMMORTALITE, FIRST CLASS TWIN-SCREW ARMOURD CRUISER.
5600 Tons; 8500 Horse Power; 12 Guns.



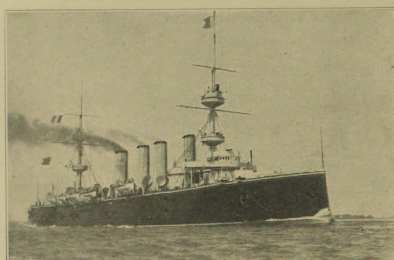
IPHIGENIA, SECOND CLASS TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.
3600 Tons; 5000 Horse Power; 8 Guns.



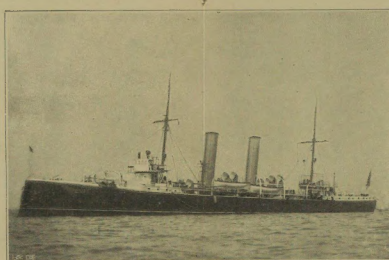
NARCISSUS, FIRST CLASS TWIN-SCREW ARMOURD CRUISER.
5600 Tons; 8500 Horse Power; 12 Guns.



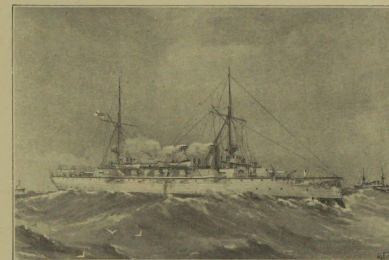
PIQUE, SECOND CLASS TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.
3800 Tons; 5000 Horse Power; 8 Guns.



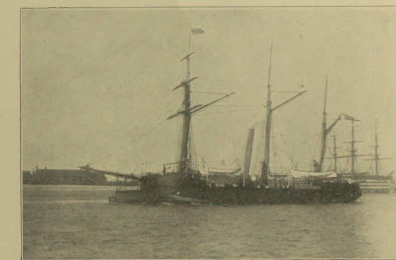
POWERFUL, FIRST CLASS TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.
11,300 Tons; 15,000 Horse Power; 14 Guns.



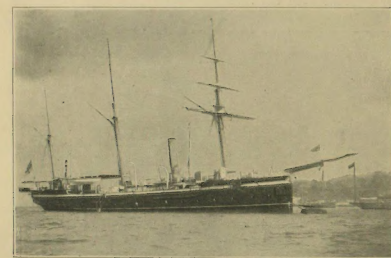
RAINBOW, SECOND CLASS TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.
3600 Tons; 5000 Horse Power; 8 Guns.



UNDAUNTED, FIRST CLASS TWIN-SCREW ARMOURD CRUISER.
5600 Tons; 8500 Horse Power; 12 Guns.



ESK, THIRD CLASS TWIN-SCREW GUN-BOAT.
360 Tons; 300 Horse Power; 3 Guns.



PEACOCK, FIRST CLASS SCREW GUN-BOAT.
750 Tons; 1200 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



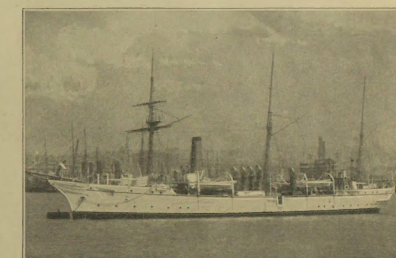
PIGMY, FIRST CLASS SCREW GUN-BOAT.
750 Tons; 1200 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



PLOVER, FIRST CLASS SCREW GUN-BOAT.
750 Tons; 1200 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



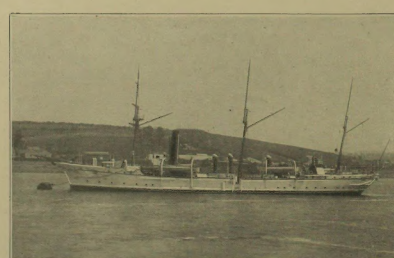
REDPOLE, FIRST CLASS SCREW GUN-BOAT.
800 Tons; 1200 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



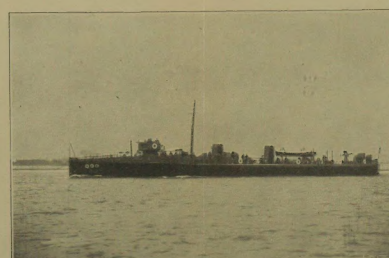
ALGERINE, TWIN-SCREW SLOOP.
1000 Tons; 1400 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



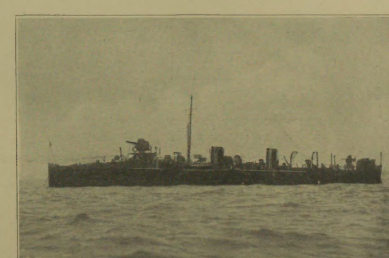
DAPHNE, TWIN-SCREW SLOOP.
1180 Tons; 2000 Horse Power; 8 Guns.



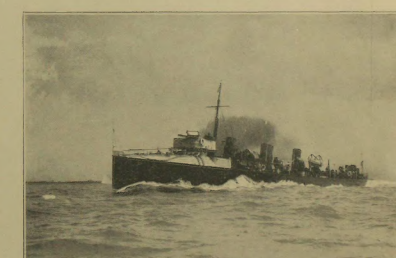
PHENIX, TWIN-SCREW SLOOP.
1650 Tons; 1400 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



HANDY, TWIN-SCREW TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.
320 Tons; 4000 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



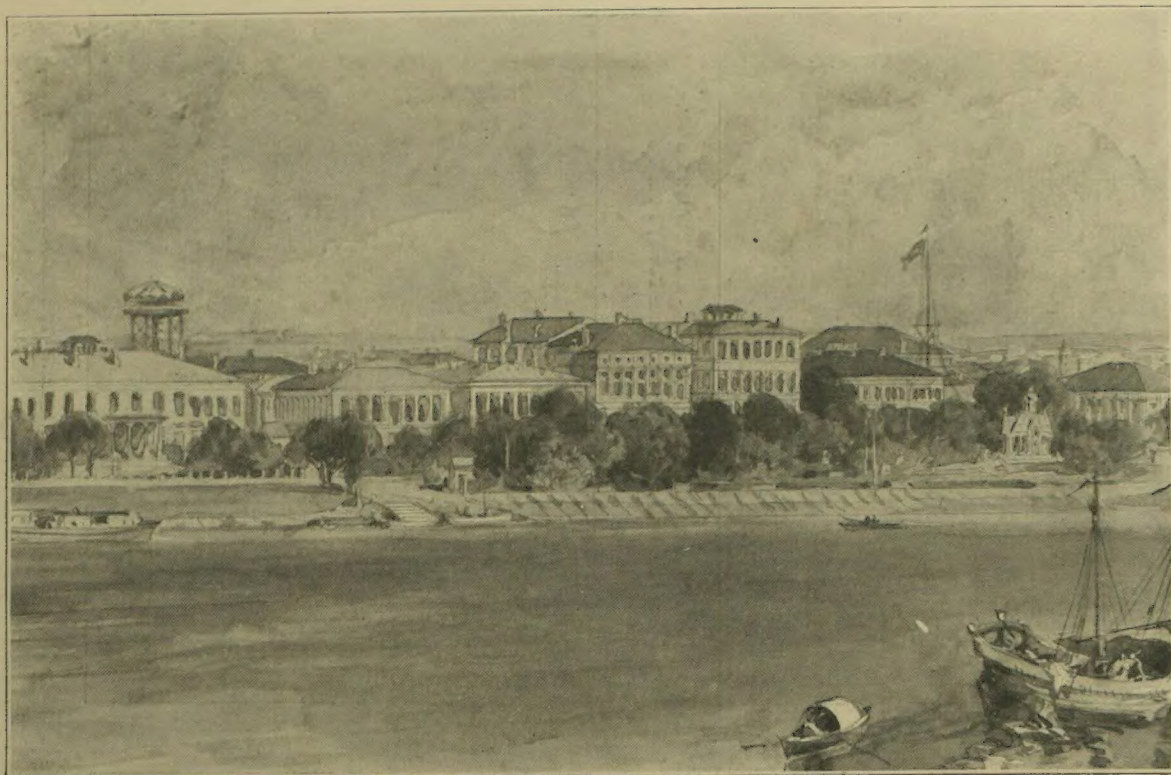
HART, TWIN-SCREW TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.
320 Tons; 4000 Horse Power; 6 Guns.



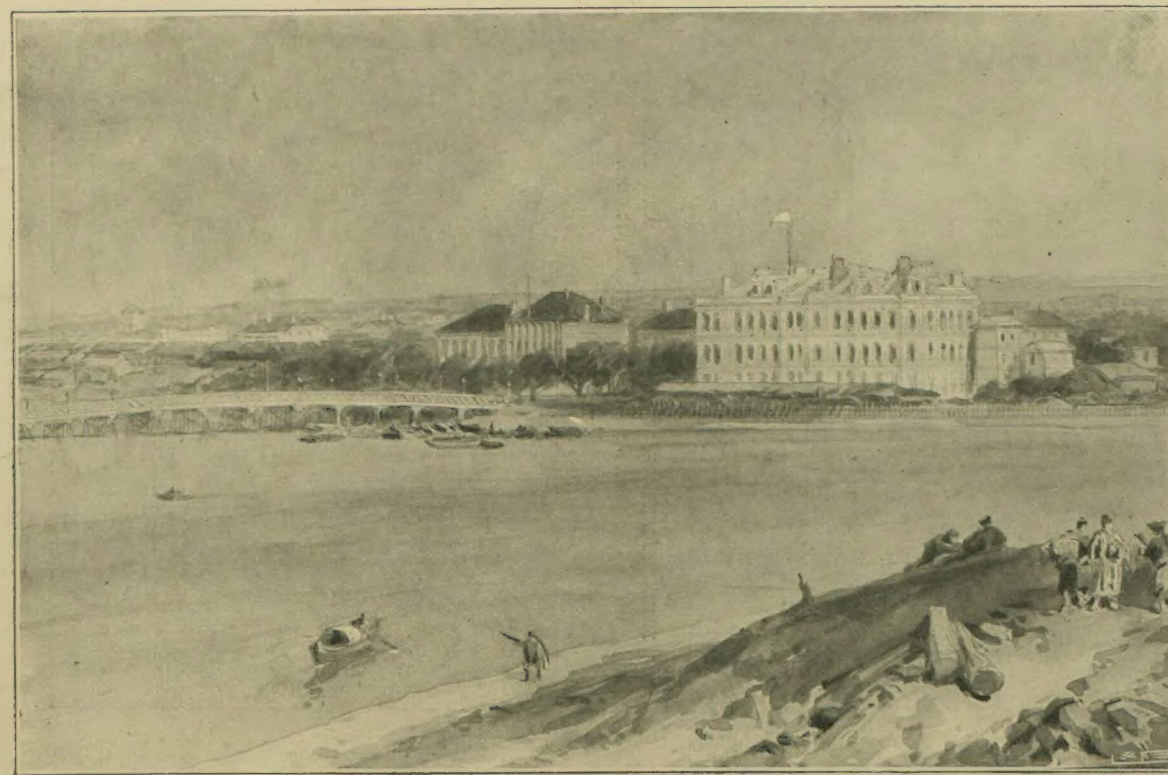
WHITING, TWIN-SCREW TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.
320 Tons.

THE BRITISH SQUADRON IN CHINESE WATERS

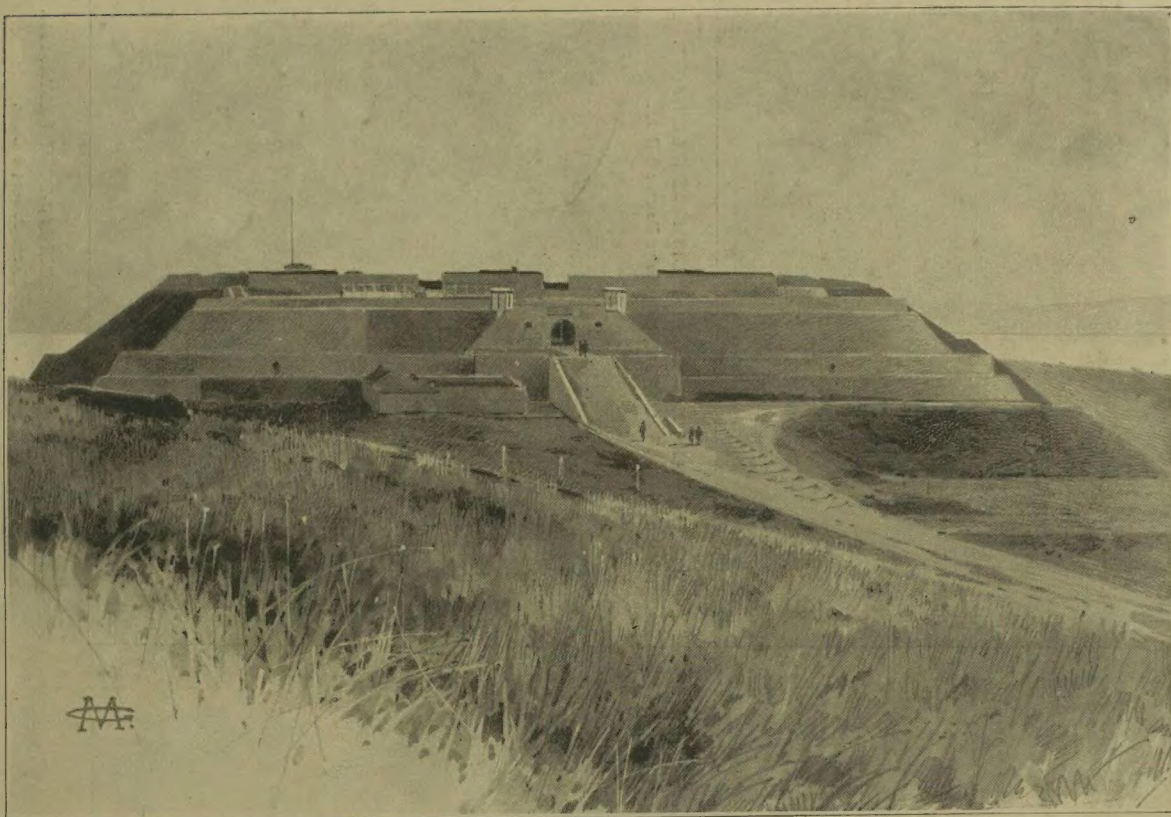
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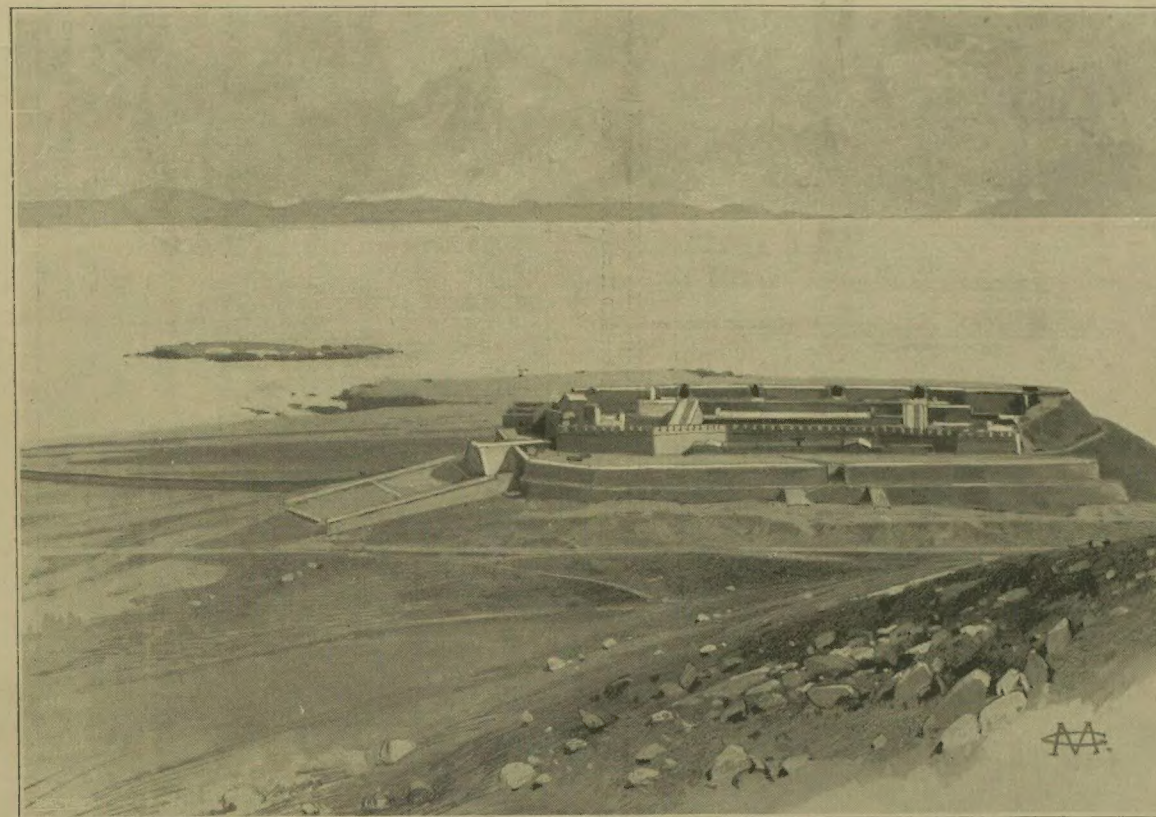
THE BRITISH CONSULATE, SHANGHAI.



THE GERMAN CONSULATE, SHANGHAI.



THE FORT ON TALIEW-WAN BAY, THE CONJECTURED DESTINATION OF THE BRITISH SQUADRON.



INTERIOR OF TALIEW-WAN FORT.